HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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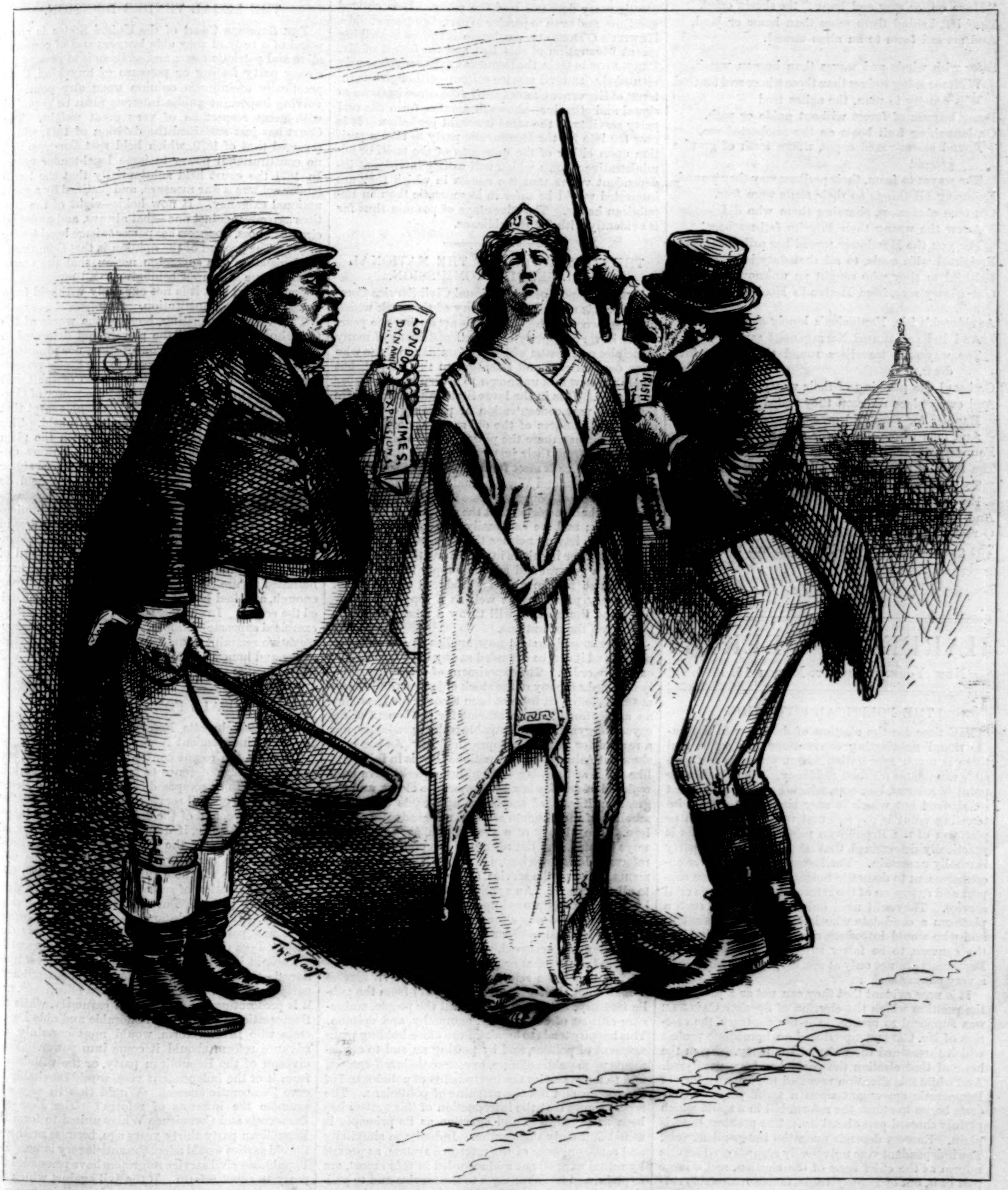

LONDON TIMES,
DYNAMI
EXPLOSIONS
US
IRISH
Th. Nast

A DILEMMA.

IRISH-AMERICAN PRESS. "Make them stop hanging my countrymen in England."
ENGLISH PRESS. "Make them stop those dynamite explosions in England."
COLUMBIA. "While I'm about it, I might as well RULE—*Britannia.*"

BANISHED.

FROM MASSACHUSETTS, 1660.

[Written to Mr. E. A. Abbey's Picture.]

Over the threshold of his pleasant home
Set in green clearings passed the exiled Friend,
In simple trust, misdoubting not the end.
"Dear heart of mine!" he said, "the time has come
To trust the Lord for shelter." One long gaze
The goodwife turned on each familiar thing—
The lowing kine, the orchard blossoming,
The open door that showed the hearth-fire's blaze—
And calmly answered, "Yea, He will provide."
Silent and slow they crossed the homestead's bound,
Lingering the longest by their child's grave-mound.
"Move on, or stay and hang!" the sheriff cried.
They left behind them more than home or land,
And set sad faces to an alien strand.

Safer with winds and waves than human wrath,
With ravening wolves than those whose zeal for God
Was cruelty to man, the exiles trod
Drear leagues of forest without guide or path,
Or, launching frail boats on the uncharted sea,
Round storm-vexed capes, whose teeth of granite ground
The waves to foam, their perilous way they wound,
Enduring all things so their souls were free.
Oh, true confessors, shaming them who did
Anew the wrong their Pilgrim fathers bore!
For you the Mayflower spread her sail once more,
Freighted with souls, to all that duty bid
Faithful as they who sought an unknown land,
O'er wintry seas, from Holland's Hook of Sand!

Aquidneck's isle, Nantucket's lonely shores,
And Indian-haunted Narragansett saw
The wayworn travellers round their camp fires draw,
Or heard the plashing of their weary oars.
And every place whereon they rested grew
Happier for pure and gracious womanhood,
And men whose names for stainless honor stood,
Founders of States and rulers wise and true.
The Muse of history yet shall make amends
To those who freedom, peace, and justice taught,
Beyond their dark age led the van of thought,
And left unforfeited the name of Friends.
O mother State, how foiled was thy design!
The gain was theirs, the loss alone was thine.

John G. Whittier

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, Saturday, March 15, 1884.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE time for the election of delegates to the national nominating conventions has come, and there is much speculation about probable and possible candidates for the Presidency. There is another point of interest, however, which has been somewhat overlooked, but which is very significant. This interesting point is the fact that while the position or platform of the Republican party for the canvass is practically determined, that of the Democratic party is wholly uncertain. The Republicans will favor encouragement to domestic industry, and a sincere support and extension of the reformed system of the civil service. They will need only to place upon such a platform a candidate who is known to represent it, and who would introduce character and ability into the canvass, to be fairly sure of success. But the Democrats are not only at sea, they are drifting upon a very stormy sea.

It is now evident that they can not as a party take the position which the election of Speaker Carlisle was supposed to assure. On the contrary, the election of Mr. Carlisle produced an immediate protest which threatened the unity of the party. From the hour of that election the party has been paralyzed. And while this situation revealed the impossibility of Democratic agreement upon a tariff policy, Democrats began to attack the reform bill in a spirit which plainly showed party hostility. The position, then, is plain. Success depends upon the independent vote. The independent vote universally regards civil service reform as the chief issue of the election, and a large part of it, out of Pennsylvania, favors reasonable revenue reform. The Democratic party, however, has succeeded in presenting itself at the opening of the active work of the canvass as hostile to the chief reform, and doubtful of the other. It seems, moreover, inclined to suppose that there is some mysterious virtue in the cry for "the old ticket." That is to say, it appears to think that the country wishes Mr. Hendricks for President—Mr. Hendricks, who is the most amiable and unmeaning of all political personages.

The explanation of this situation is that the Democratic party has ceased to represent anything whatever but opposition; not opposition upon a principle or a policy, but mere opposition to Republican measures because they are Republican. It is a wholly negative party, and this also is explicable. It is a political organization which has entirely outlived the situation in which it was organized, and after a prostration of a quarter of a century it is trying to adjust itself to a totally new situation, and in doing it to retain its old cohesion. In this effort it fails necessarily, because the mass of the party is inert, unsympathetic with genuine progress, and largely un-American. The intelligent and progressive element of the Democratic party does not lead the party. It is obliged to follow, and even to pander to party ignorance. Mr. Hewitt's O'Donnell resolution is the most striking recent illustration of this fact, and the defeat of Mr. Pendleton in Ohio, the Democrat most conspicuously identified with civil service reform—although the interest of Governor Cleveland in the cause has been as signal and effective—shows in another form the real party servility to the same ignorant prejudice. It is now too late for the Democratic party to take a position upon either of the questions of the tariff or administrative reform which will satisfy intelligent independent voters that the causes in which they are interested would be safer in Democratic than in Republican hands. The advantage of position thus far is evidently with the Republicans.

THE FIRST REPORT OF THE NATIONAL CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

THE first report of the National Civil Service Commissioners is not only a summary of the work which has been accomplished under the act during the year, but it is very properly a general statement of many principles and truths which are familiar to those who have devoted care and attention to the subject, but which are new and unknown to a very large number of persons. It is in the large States and cities, where there is a vast concentration of patronage, that the abuses and dangers of the old spoils system are best known, because there the power of patronage to pervert parties from their just purpose and totally to demoralize politics is most familiar. But in some parts of the Southern and Western States, and even among some members of Congress, there is a desire of information and a half suspicion that the reform law is a mere party trick; and we can easily understand that the commission, having neither the time nor the clerical force to answer inquiries in detail, has thought it best to make a general and adequate reply in the report. This course has fortunately produced a manual of elementary principles as well as a report of operations, and the manual will throw a most instructive light upon the operations.

The reformed system now applies to about 14,000 places, and it can be extended at any time by a simple executive order. The experiment of a year has totally disposed of many of the stock objections and sneers at the system. It has not been a cover for Republican appointments, nor a scheme for the benefit of decayed clergymen and incapable college graduates, nor a reward for visionary impracticables. As has been shown at Albany—for the national law is in this point like the New York law—Republican clerks have been replaced under the law by Democratic clerks, and the great multitude of successful applicants are clever scholars of the common schools, not graduates of college. The history of a year shows, as we have always insisted, that the reform is especially a people's reform. It deposes bosses as the dictators of appointments in the public service, and opens the doors wide to all the people. An applicant depends solely upon his own merit, as proved upon a fair trial with others, and having honestly shown that merit, he has been honestly selected in order from the eligible list, when a vacancy has occurred, without the interference of any kind of personal or political favor or influence.

Thus under the reformed system the civil service becomes not the legion of a party paid from the public treasury, but an agency of all the people, embracing citizens of every party, sympathy, and opinion. This happily tends to break up the office-holding management of politics, and by putting an end to assessments upon public officers, to restore their self-respect, and to make parties the instruments of policies and of the people, and not the machine of politicians. The report shows that the introduction of this system has been as practicable and effective as its principle is sound and truly democratic. Indeed, the simplicity and common-sense of the reformed system, as proved by actual experiment and recorded in this report, are so plain, and its advantages to the service and to politics and to the general welfare so obvious, that the country will undoubtedly require its continuance. The report is sent to Congress with a cordial message from the President, who says: "I avow my conviction that it [the reform law] will henceforth prove to be of still more signal benefit to the public service;" and the report praises the conduct of the President in befriending the reform. No friend of reform will forget that the President had it in his power, under the form of enforcing the law, to frustrate its purpose, and to discredit reform, but that he appointed a friendly commission, and has sustained their work. It is in certain acts outside of the reform law and the commission, such as the practical dismissal of admirable and efficient officers, like the late Naval Officer in New York and the Pension Agent in Philadelphia, merely because of the expiration of their terms, that he has shown a want of sympathy with reform. But his latest reported declaration that no public officer should be molested or feel himself imperiled by the expression of any personal preferences in regard to the election is manly and honorable.

THE LEGAL TENDER DECISION.

THE Supreme Court of the United States is composed of a body of very able lawyers and of conservative and patriotic men; and as there is at present no strong party feeling or pressure of any kind, their practically unanimous opinion upon any point involving important public interests must be regarded with great respect as of very great weight. The Court has just sustained the decision of 1871, which reversed that of 1870, which held that Congress had no constitutional power to issue legal-tender notes. In 1871 the court held substantially that the legal-tender act was a war measure, and justified by a great national exigency. It now holds—eight of the Justices agreeing against one—that always, and under all circumstances, Congress has power to issue legal-tender notes. The ground of the opinion is that Congress is the legislature of a sovereign nation, that the power of such issue is a power belonging to all national sovereignties, and that it is not expressly withheld from Congress by the Constitution.

This view is surprising, because the words of the Constitution are that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." The decision of the Court would seem to be an assertion that the power of Congress is as supreme as that of Parliament, except that it can not exercise powers expressly withheld. This is a position apparently in conflict with the plain words of the Constitution, yet certain powers distinctly granted, with the authority to do whatever is necessary to carry out those powers, are held by the Court to legitimate its opinion.

The decision settles the question of the constitutionality of the legal-tender acts, but it also recognizes in Congress the constitutional authority of indefinite inflation. The practical reply to the possible peril of such a recognition is that Congress would never have hesitated to use such authority if it had felt strong enough, and had believed that the exigency demanded the action. In an emergency Congress has always exercised supreme national powers, and the true conservative restraint upon its action lies in the intelligence and honesty of the country.

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW PARTY.

THE Massachusetts Reform Club, which consists largely of independent Republicans who are in sympathy with the recent conference in New York, proposes another conference to be held in New York in May. It is to be composed of Republican and Democratic friends of civil service reform, of the reduction of the revenue, and of the cessation of silver coinage; and the conference, if deemed expedient, is to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. There are a great many Republicans who are friendly to all these things, and many also who favor the extension of suffrage to women and a strict prohibitory policy. But this call raises a serious question. It is in substance a proposition to organize a new party by pooling certain issues. Is that wise? Does the situation favor such a movement?

Look at it in the interest of the first subject mentioned—that of civil service reform. The Republican party has begun such a reform most effectively, and it is prosecuting it honestly and earnestly, while the Democratic party, despite honorable and able Democrats who favor reform, would most certainly not advance reform should it come into power. Yet a division of the Republican party, or the withdrawal from it of the independent vote, would inevitably secure Democratic success. Would that in any way promote the interests of reform? The Free-soil Democrats and Conscience Whigs united to form the Republican party thirty years ago, because neither of the old parties would adopt the antislavery issue. But Republican civil service reformers have persuaded the party to adopt reform. If the evil against which the reform is directed is strong anywhere, it is strong in New York. But the last Republican Convention in New York resolved that "we rejoice in the successful inauguration of civil service reform, a result of Republican agitation and national progress, and insist that the work thus auspiciously begun shall be prosecuted to complete success." If the Whig National

Convention had adopted unanimously such a resolution in regard to the antislavery movement, and had shown its good faith, there would have been no Republican party formed in 1853. It will be time enough to consider whether a new party is necessary to secure reform when the Republican Convention has rejected it.

It would seem to be a strange imperiling of a prosperous cause by its own friends to attempt at this time the formation of a new party mainly for reform. Certainly the progress of the cause has been rapid beyond precedent. It is but four years this winter since its friends thought the time ripe for effective organization to affect public opinion. It is but two years ago last summer that they united upon the Pendleton bill as their objective point, and a year ago that bill became law by the practical unanimity of Congress, and the law has been honestly enforced by a Republican Administration. Is this a situation which requires the formation of a new party to promote the reform? A conference of like-minded Republicans will be always pleasant, but a conference to contemplate a new party is evidently premature.

DYNAMITE CRIMES.

When the Confederate refugees in Canada, during our late civil war, tried to send pestilence into Northern communities by means of infected clothing, and dispatched a gang of robbers to St. Albans, in Vermont, and proposed to burn hotels in New York and in other towns and cities, there was a universal feeling of indignation among all loyal Americans, and an instinctive demand that England should not permit her provinces to be used as the base of such dastardly and cowardly crimes, which were meant wantonly to mutilate and murder the most innocent and helpless persons. It is not surprising, therefore, that when similar inhuman attempts were made to slaughter multitudes of innocent men, women, and children in London in order to show discontent with the English government, and when there is good reason to suppose that this country is the base of such crimes, that Englishmen should ask with indignant surprise whether honorable Americans are willing to allow such offenses, not against England only, but against humanity and civilization, to be matured and directed without protest upon American soil.

To a feeling of this kind on the part of a kindred people, or of any civilized nation, it is no answer to say that they have themselves not been disturbed under similar circumstances. Precedents for hostile indifference between nominally friendly nations can be always found, and there is scarcely any mean act possible to a nation that may not be justified by similar meanness on the part of other nations. When England raised the question whether her laws allowed her to stop the *Alabama*, we replied with justice that if the laws of a country did not enable it to deal honorably with a friendly nation, a failure to pass laws adequate for such a purpose would be properly regarded as evidence of unfriendliness. If England feels aggrieved by any hostile and murderous plots that are matured in this country, she has the right to call our attention to them, and it is our honorable duty to prevent crimes against the peaceful citizens of other countries, so far as we can do so without violating any principle of our well-established polity.

If upon such representation it should appear that our laws do not prevent offenses which are prohibitable without such violations of polity, we ought to make the laws effective to that end and within those limits. But the dynamite crimes, so far as appears, are individual. They are, indeed, probably sustained by a certain number of people in this country who are willing to aid in destroying helpless women in England so long as their own precious bodies are safe over three thousand miles of sea. Our laws permit such people to meet publicly and advocate assassination, as they permitted Most to preach a general crusade against civilized order. But they would seize and punish any persons who were proved to be engaged in a conspiracy to carry out such doctrines, or any individuals who should be shown to be preparing weapons of any kind for criminal purposes abroad, or those who should attempt to ship them for such purposes. But our laws can not forbid free speech, nor prohibit the exportation of dangerous chemicals and weapons. Even treason in this country consists only in levying war against the government, or in giving aid to open enemies. There is no difference of feeling between intelligent Englishmen and Americans regarding these dynamite crimes. But their nature makes the suppression of them by laws which are not dangerous to reasonable liberty very difficult. Even England herself is thus far able to do nothing, although the crimes are committed upon her soil. Before asking us to prevent the export, ought not she to forbid the import of dangerous explosives? While she asks us to stop the contemplation of crime, she finds herself unable to prevent its commission. Any friendly representation, however, from the English Government will be received undoubtedly in the most friendly spirit by the Government and by public opinion in the United States.

THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

A book written by a Queen of England can not fail to be read with curiosity and a kind of pathetic sympathy due to a consciousness of the peculiar isolation of her position. This isolation is shown by certain errors of taste in the volume from her diary which is just published by the Harpers. There was probably no person in England who could venture to suggest to the Queen that the publication of trivial details of daily life and the record of her interest in her servants' bumps and bruises could not be agreeable to intelligent Englishmen.

But the entire simplicity and good faith with which this is done is, as we say, pathetic, and wins a kindly sympathy for the lonely woman who does it. The discomfort for Englishmen arises from the fact that the lonely lady is the Queen, the ceremonial head of the state; and the more she is a mere ceremony, the more desirable it is that the dignity of the ceremony be preserved. A certain degree of glamour is indispensable to royalty, and to this a certain seclusion is necessary. But this is incompatible with the publication of a diary.

Yet the book will be widely read, and it will produce the same impression that the previous volume produced, that the author is a woman of simple tastes and of good feeling, with limited interests and strong domestic attachments. The profound regard for John Brown is grotesque, but it is evident that her interest in him was very sincere, and that, too, is an illustration of the solitude of royal life. Society, in the usual sense, is practically closed to sovereigns, and a familiar attendant may acquire a kind of intimacy which is denied to the highest nobleman in the realm. To those who see only what can be seen across the sea, it would seem that Victoria, more justly than Elizabeth, will be known as the good Queen.

THE BANISHED QUAKERS.

It is with great pleasure that we call attention to the poem of Mr. Whittier's which is printed at the head of these columns. He has seldom written more charming or more characteristic verses, which are most felicitously married to the pathetic and suggestive picture by Mr. Abbey. The scene is one which no son of the Puritans is glad to remember, and which most vividly reminds us that it was liberty to worship God in their own way, not liberty for all men to worship as their conscience might dictate, that they sought.

Even as the Puritans drove the Quakers from New England, they had been driven by prelacy from old England; and the intolerance was not peculiar to New England, for New York also banished the Quakers. But even then, also, there was a higher strain in Puritanism. John Robinson, the Puritan pastor at Leyden, begged his friends, as they sailed sadly for America, to remember that there was yet fresh truth to break forth from God's Word. If for a time his words were forgotten, they have been long remembered, and religious and political liberty have found no kindlier soil than that of New England.

Longfellow, in "Evangeline," has commemorated the expulsion of the pastoral Acadians from their happy home, and Whittier has now touched the tale of that earlier exile with the tender grace of his genius. Both poets have taught us that romance in history is not an exotic, and the finest strains of each have been songs of their native land.

THE ROOT OF MUNICIPAL REFORM.

Mr. Roosevelt's bill abolishing the confirmatory power of the Board of Aldermen was promptly passed by the Legislature, and, we trust, will have become a law when this paper is issued. It is the first step in a series of measures which, if urged with similar force, will be adopted, and which, in connection with the reformed method of minor appointment, will greatly correct the crying abuses of municipal administration.

There are certain supplementary measures which are necessary. These have been well stated by the *Herald*. The Mayor should have the effective power of removal; the departments should be single-headed; the heads should be appointive, except the Comptroller, and their official term should be conterminous with that of the Mayor. The reasons of these provisions are obvious, and their adoption would give coherency and efficiency to the new system.

Accordingly Mr. Roosevelt, in the House, has introduced a bill providing for the election of Comptroller, and Mr. Robb another providing for the spring election of Mayor and Aldermen, and Mr. Gibbs another requiring the appointment by the next Mayor of successors of the present heads of departments. The power of removal without a legal trial must be also secured, for without it there is no proper responsibility. The present system of removal of a subordinate officer only by a method which is practically a trial in court is absurd. Arbitrary removals of subordinates will cease just in the degree that it is clear that arbitrary appointments can not be made.

PERSONAL.

An American tourist, who had taken rooms for the summer in an old château at Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, was pleasantly surprised, on entering them, by the presence of two pictures by Mr. Sol Eytinge, which had evidently been reproduced by a firm of Paris publishers from illustrations in Harper's Weekly. The same tourist came across two more of Mr. Eytinge's pictures in a tavern at Stratford-on-Avon, and another one in Brussels.

—One of our esteemed contemporaries in this city thinks that Mr. Seymour Haden's "best qualities are not art qualities, but those of etching"; and this reminds us of an incident which took place at a club of etchers in Paris last summer. Among those present were M. Gailliard, the well-known etcher, who when asked by an American guest why it was that the Parisian artists cared for no Englishman but Seymour Haden, answered: "Because he is such an artist" (Monsieur, c'est parce qu'il est tellement artiste).

—Mr. John S. Wise, of Virginia, having been supposed by his friends to be about to fight a duel with a Virginian who had handled him pretty roughly in a newspaper, has addressed a card to the public, in which he asks: "What satisfaction can I secure from my opponent? I would not fight a duel. I do not wish his blood, and I should be as miserable as he is now if I shed it. With a sweet home filled with merry children, with enough to live comfortably, with a paying profession, I am happy, and want to live." Coming from this source, this presentation of the absurdity of duelling is a gratifying sign of the times.

—There are so many excellent actors in politics already, that the proposal to run Mr. Henry Irving for Parliament need not create surprise. It will be remembered that Mr. William J. Florence, another actor, has publicly expressed his willingness to accept a consulship; and Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, an artist—all actors profess to be artists—seems to be filling the post of Minister to Persia to the entire satisfaction of his superior officers.

—At the last regular fortnightly meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club, Dr. William A. Hammond spoke on the use and abuse of the brain. He believed it to be an abuse of a child's brain to send the child to school before it is ten years old, and advised parents to cultivate their children's powers of perception. It was well to show a child a picture, and let it tell how many things it saw there. One father had so trained his boy that after walking by a shop window the child could enumerate a hundred things he had seen behind the glass. Dr. Hammond claimed, as an anatomist, that the structure of a woman's brain was different from the structure of a man's brain, and that, therefore, the natural functions of the two must be dissimilar; but he disavowed any intention to pronounce either superior to the other. Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, the president of the club, announced that next winter its scope would be considerably enlarged.

—Gustave Doré's last large picture, the "Vale of Tears," was intended to be a rendering of the verse, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The background represents a shadowy valley, flanked by an enormous crag, at the entrance to which Christ stands clothed in white, bearing a cross, His hand raised as if in invitation to the great number of sorrowful figures who fill the foreground, representing almost every class of human sufferers—the aged, sick, maimed, halt, and blind—all looking toward Christ with the spirit that animates the faces in the foreground of Raphael's "Transfiguration."

—Bismarck, in a letter to his wife in 1851: "In the art of saying nothing in a great many words I am making rapid progress. I write many pages of letters which read like leading articles, and if Manteuffel, after perusing them, can tell what they are about, he certainly knows more than I. Every one of us pretends that his colleagues are full of ideas and plans, and yet all the time the whole body of us know nothing, and each is aware that the others know nothing. No man, not even the most malicious skeptic of a democrat, can believe what charlatanism and big pretense is all this diplomacy." The candid statesman was then Councillor of Legation at Frankfort.

—A French Dominican monk, Père Didon, has published in Paris a book about the Germans, in which he shows that the school and the barrack are the central points of German civilization. Their great pride, he says, is founded on their army and their universities. He commends the docility of the German students: "Much as I love and admire independence of spirit and character in the man who, by dint of labor and maturity, light and virtue, has rendered himself worthy of it, by so much do I find stupid and deplorable that precocious Voltaireianism which produces critics and insurgents of twenty years of age."

—Referring to the present unpleasantness in the Soudan, an English journalist observes: "The public may regret the immoral tendencies of remote savages to slave-dealing, cannibalism, and other vices; but they are beyond the reach of our arms, and it is unwise to be enunciating moral truisms at the cost of perpetual war. Practical philanthropists had better confine their energies to practical measures for which they possess the requisite power. An enforced registration of the existing slaves, and a heavy taxation upon the possession of them, would do more than the millions of money and the thousands of lives wasted in the Soudan during the last fifteen years," to say nothing of the armies and bloodshed necessary to accomplish the enforcement.

—M. De Lesseps's friends are urging him, "as a last achievement," to undertake the construction of a tunnel under the English Channel, "thus uniting forever the interests of the two nations"—a sentiment that commends itself to after-dinner oratory.

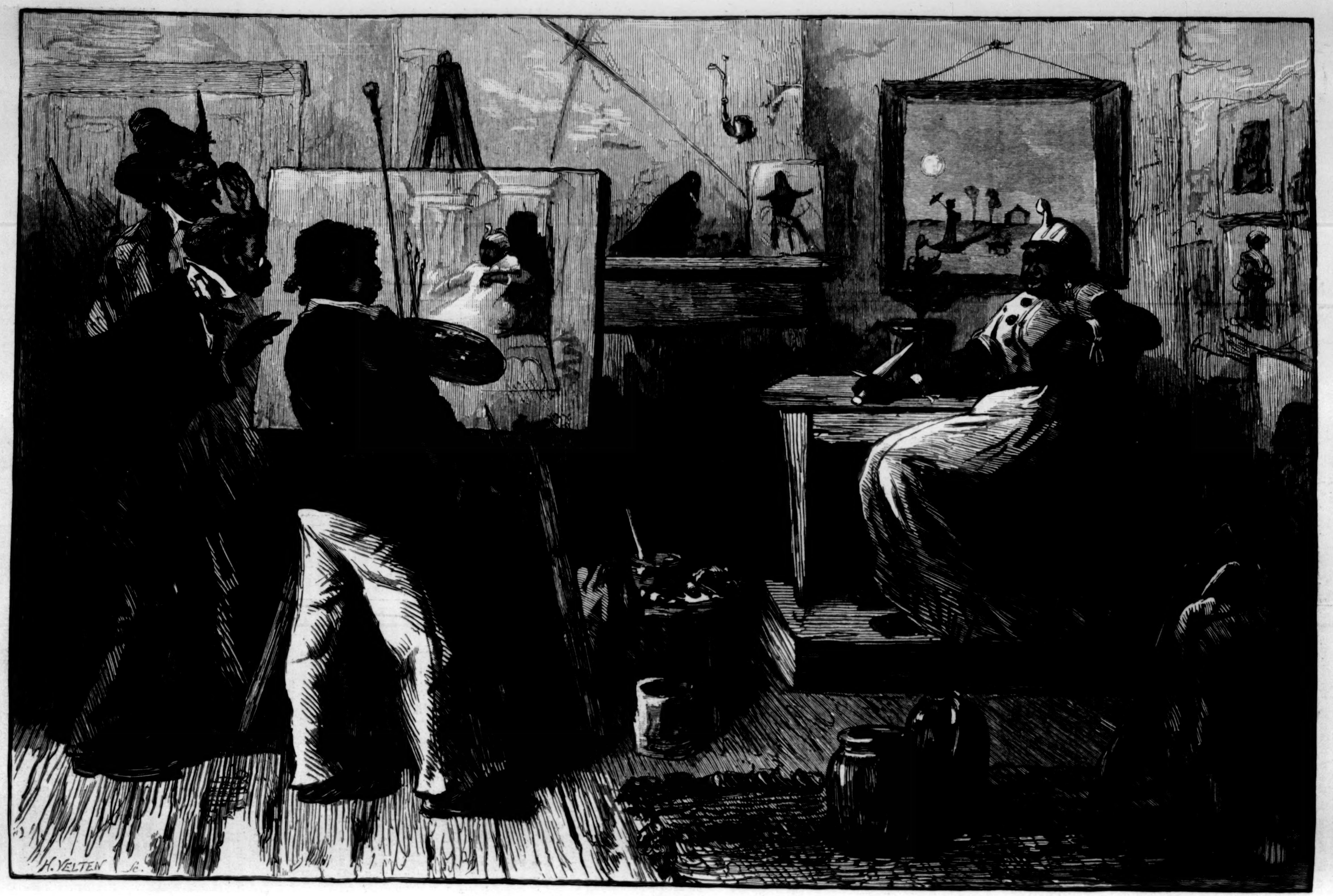
—The *Saturday Review* sees in the United States a growing divergence and independence from England in literature and in life. "The English and the Americans are of one stock, but they are two peoples; and there is nothing to be gained by a pretense that the Americans are colonial or provincial. The colonial spirit has been invisible in the United States for fifty years, and the provincial spirit died during the war of the rebellion. The conditions of life in the United States, the climate, the blending of customs brought from other lands than England—these unite in making the American unlike the Englishman." Nevertheless there is a growing Anglomaniaism in fashionable circles in New York city.

—Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., in an address at the opening of a workmen's club, did not speak as a teetotaler, because he was not one; but maintained that if a man wanted alcohol he should have it at home. If a workman told him that alcohol was necessary to sustain physical exertion, he should say that, so far as his own experience went, it was not necessary. He had worked ten years ago as a journeyman stone-mason on some of the largest buildings in the land, and his work was of no light order. He found he could get through with it much better without beer, and that he left off in the evening much stronger and less tired than when he had taken beer during his working hours. Although his employment at present was of a different character, it was not less arduous, and he could express his honest belief that it would be impossible for him to sustain himself during the usual hard day's work of a Member of Parliament if he were not almost a teetotaler.

—The Pope complains that in France "the work of dissolution" wrought by the sophists and philosophers of the last century has been "revived and prosecuted by the sectaries of the present time."

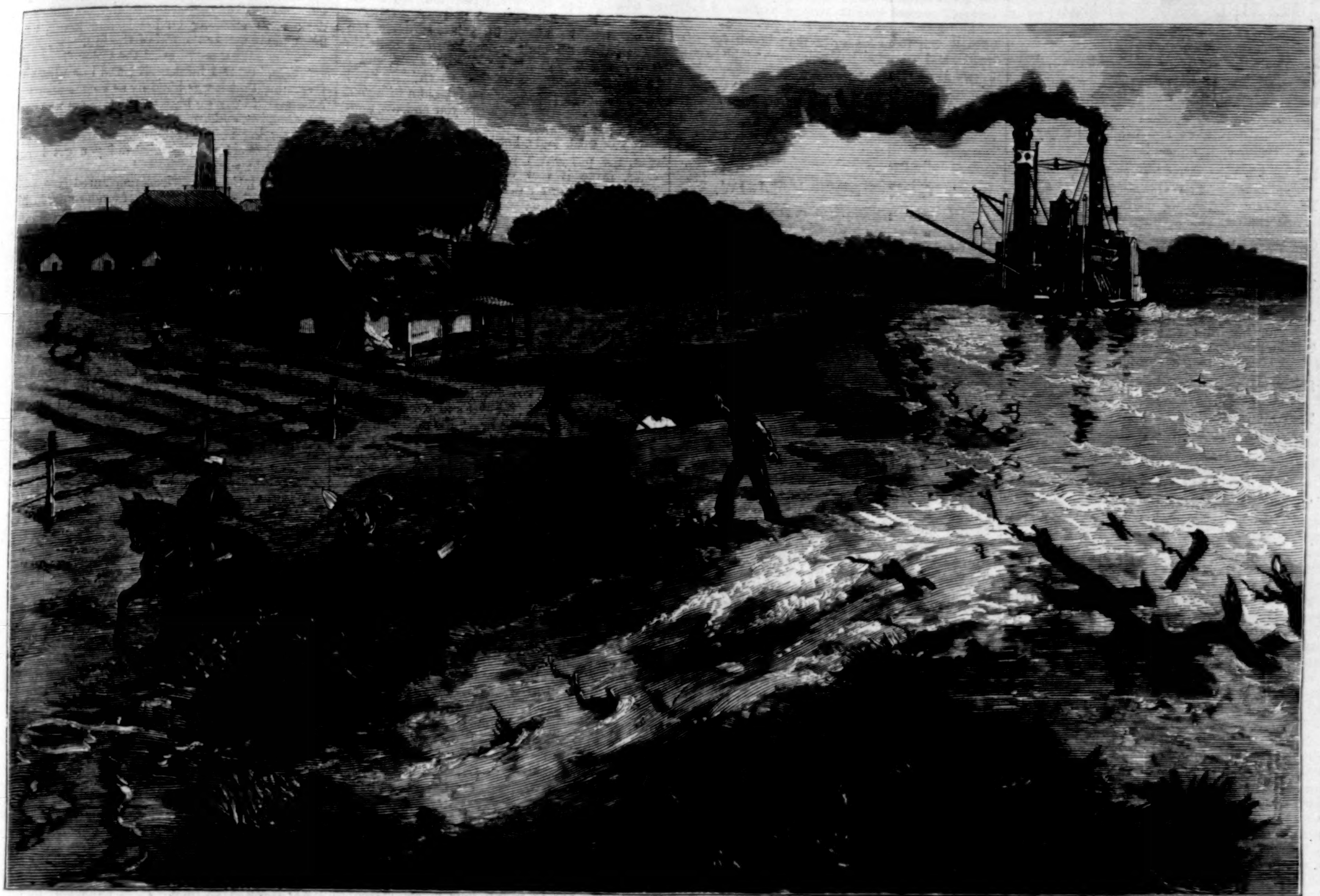
—The late actress Josephine Gallmeyer refused on a certain occasion to appear in a new piece. Her manager thereupon showed her the contract which she had made with him, and which nothing could break but death or marriage. To spite him, she married on the very next day the most unprepossessing and nearly useless member of her company—a man whom she never shook hands with before or after. Notwithstanding her large earnings on the stage, she died in poverty and in debt.

—In a vigorous editorial on "Woman's Work," the Wareham (Massachusetts) *News* takes the bull by the horns as follows: "While the husband is toiling from Monday morning till Saturday night to furnish the means of living, the wives and daughters, as well as the sons, should do something practical with their own hands to save expenses and help in the good work. We have too many wasteful Bridgets in the kitchen, reckless Susans in the laundry, and airish waitresses, chamber-maids, and seamstresses in other parts of the house. People of wealth may employ servants and seamstresses, and devote themselves to art and the elegancies of life; but while the husband is earning his daily bread in the sweat of his face, no hands in the household should be idle. We must come to this if men without money are to marry, and if the household is to eat its daily bread honestly acquired. No young man, starting in life without a cash capital, can honestly earn enough to keep a wife and family in idleness, and pay Irish and German servants to wait upon them."

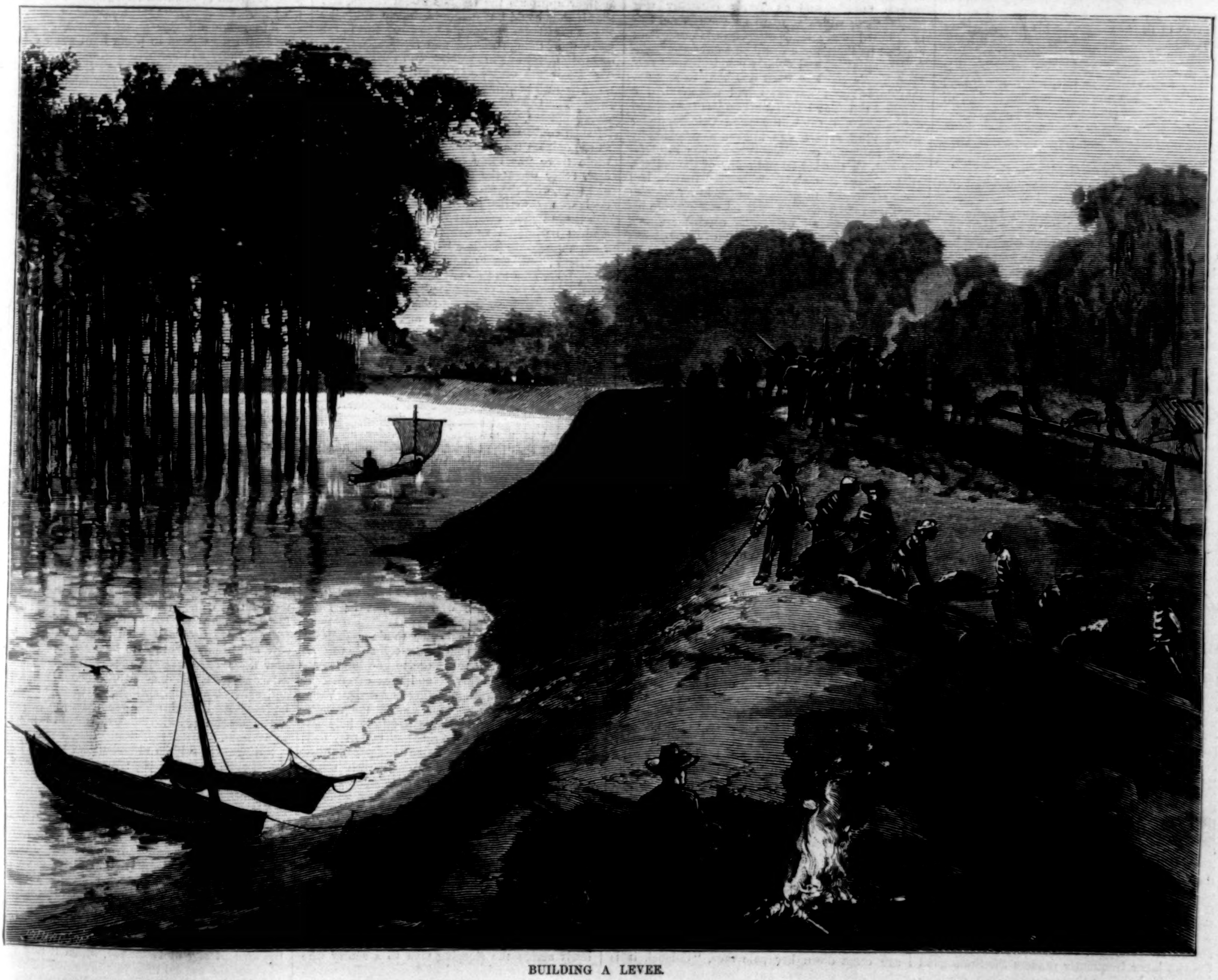


CLEOPATRA AT THE BLACKVILLE STUDIO.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.

"Jes frow a little mo' languish in yo' off eye, Miss Lillie."



A BREAK IN THE LEVEE—GIVING THE ALARM.



BUILDING A LEVEE.

THE MISSISSIPPI LEVEES.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 170.]

WAXING AND WANING.

Hope and the sun are like as one—
Both largest when they rise;
They shrink alike from morn till noon,
As life grows old and wise.

With what unbounded hope the boy
Begins his world-career!
How wondrous large and bright with joy
Do rising suns appear!

But as the suns grow less and less,
And paler, as they climb
The vacant sky, so we confess
The cold deceits of time.

Our boyhood hopes will shrink and fade
As boyhood drifts away,
And one by one to rest are laid
The failures of the day.

And yet the sun at noon that turns
Its downward course will grow and grow,
Till in the west it rolls and burns
As large as half a day ago.

So, as we near that other sphere,
The early hope revives,
That all we thought was ours here
May be, in other lives.

MISSISSIPPI LEVEES.

To one accustomed to the precipitous heights of the Palisades, and rocky and wood-clad ruggedness characterizing the shores of the lower Hudson Highlands and most of our Northern rivers, the contrast is indeed surprising upon first viewing that stretch of scenery, of low-lying but highly cultivated land on either side of the Mississippi near New Orleans, called the Lower Coast. The pictures presented are charming enough in themselves, but so strangely inverted does everything appear that a sense of intense weirdness and unreality pervades the most commonplace objects to one in whose mind the word coast brings up a memory of lofty headlands, rocky promontories, and rolling vessels.

To the traveller on shipboard the horizon on either side is apparently girded by a thread, on which is strung in almost endless succession the forms of low-roofed planters' residences, numberless orange groves, moss-draped cypress-trees, with here and there the bulky shape of a plantation chimney trailing its smoke to the horizon across the sunset sky. Everything stands up tall, distinct; there appear to be no backgrounds. All objects are silhouettes. The great artist **Turner** is said to have experienced during his later years an aberration of sight which elongated entirely out of proportion all perpendicular objects in his paintings. What delight would he not have experienced in overcoming with his altered vision these endless lines of levees, these slender threads of tremendous converging perspectives!

At high-water periods, when your steamer is floating on a level ten feet higher than the land on either side, and the fields beyond, instead of sloping up, are in reality lower still, you get somewhat of an impression that the world must somehow be rounding off suddenly in that neighborhood.

When a landing is required, your river steamer, however large or stately, needs no dock. She glides gracefully to the levee, until her forward guards brush the grassy top, then lowers her great gang-plank, and the landing is made. This levee on which you have landed is a great bulwark of earth, grass-covered, solid, and compact, a barrier in flood times to the river's assaults, protecting the rich plantations on either side for 1800 miles, the building of which has cost over $20,000,000.

On one side of you is the great broad river, with its swiftly rushing current, its wavelets breaking within a foot of the levee top; on the other are spread below beautiful plantations, with their clustering laborers' quarters and busy mills and hundreds of workers afield. It is too charming a picture of thrift and industry to be lying at the mercy of that mighty flood already flecking the bank with its foam.

Notwithstanding the apparent security of those afield, they keep a sharp eye on the treacherous river, and guards are vigilantly patrolling it for miles. If a leak is found on the inside of the levee near the base, it is a craw-fish or land-crab hole. If it runs clear water, the danger is not immediate. If it is muddy, the earth inside is crumbling; the hole in the river must be felt for, and stopped with a sand-bag, or a cup-shaped earth barrier built up on the land side as high as the river level without.

Should a break be too large for the watcher to close alone, or the levee show signs of caving, the alarm is instantly given. Whistles are blown, the bells ring out a wild alarm, all work on the plantation is stopped, and from every direction the hands come running to the threatened spot, bringing whatever implement they have with which to meet the common foe. Stakes are driven in the crumbling earth, willow branches, boards, drift-wood, packed with earth—anything is used that will hold back the water for a short space, until the more permanent earth-filled gunny-bags can be brought and packed in layers against the tide. The danger at that one spot is then over, unless the river is still rising, when, if the whole line of levee in the threatened district can not be carefully watched and re-enforced, one of those great crevasses is formed which inundate for miles these beautiful lands, carrying distress or ruin through hundreds of plantations, and filling our journals with tales of misery and privation.

Some of the larger levees have all the lines, angles, and strength of veritable fortifications. Convict labor frequently renders the State good service in building these works, their encampments and those engaged on the work, as at the great Scott Levee, presenting very animated scenes. Armed guards keep a vigilant watch on the workers, and generally have one or more dogs beside them should a man break for the woods, and a boat at hand should he take to the water, while attempting an escape. The convicts are not always aware of the location of these guards, as they are generally concealed in a shallow rifle-pit commanding the most likely points of escape.

J. O. Davidson.

A WORTHLESS FELLOW.

There was a rumor afloat at the fort that Tom O'Halloran was to be discharged from the regiment for drunkenness, and everybody was sorry for it. Even though those were stirring days, and every man and woman had their heads and their hearts full of the expedition against the Indians for which the regiment was preparing, yet each had a thought of pity for Tom, a word of kindness for Tom's mother. They had, after a fashion, belonged to the regiment longer than any officer or soldier now included in it, for Tom's father had been band-master from the early days of the war to his death, which occurred just after Tom was enrolled as a private, some five years since; while Mrs. O'Halloran, whose patience and faithfulness as a nurse were beyond praise, was endeared to almost every officer's family by some battle with death which they had fought together. They had more than their share of Irish beauty, those two, and the gray eyes which laughed or flashed under Tom's dark brows were, his defenders said, very like those which looked at the world with such gentle kindness from beneath his mother's white hair. He was a strong, clever young Irishman, with an aptitude for doing well anything that he was set to do, from fighting to masonry, but with a passion for drink which his mother's prayers, his Colonel's warnings, and his own resolutions were powerless to overcome. Clever and handsome and brave as he was, and "Child of the Regiment," as he was jokingly called, his officers would scarcely have had such patience with his always recurring escapades if it had not been for his mother, whose love for him was so devoted, and whose faith in his promises of reform so unwavering, that the hardest hearts (and soldiers' hearts are not very hard ones) always yielded to her entreaty for another chance for her boy.

But this time things looked very serious for poor Tom. He had been drunk while on duty as a sentry, and being in a quarrelsome humor, had been with difficulty prevented from knocking down the officer of the day who had ordered him under arrest. Within a week a large portion of the regiment was to start on an expedition of several months, and as Tom's company was among those which were to go, the Colonel had been heard to say that patience in his case had reached its limit, for a drunken sentry could endanger an army, and nobody could possibly rely upon Tom's sobriety from one hour to another. Punishment and warnings had alike failed a hundred times, and Tom must be left behind and discharged. I think the good Colonel, under whose bluff aspect was hidden a very kindly heart, was quite conscious that he was in disfavor with all the ladies, and many of the officers, that day, and it was even whispered that he had been repulsed with great disorder, in an attempt to prove to Mrs. Colonel that he was right in his resolution. At all events, he carried rather a gloomy countenance about his duties, and it was with lagging footsteps that, toward evening, he entered the little hospital. There was only one patient at present, but he was one who would never leave it alive, a man who had been a good soldier, and the Colonel's orderly for years.

A little old woman with a white apron and a quaint cap rose from beside the bed where poor Butler lay—a pale little woman, with a look of patient trouble in her soft eyes that touched the Colonel more than vehement reproaches, for this was Mrs. O'Halloran, and to him, as to most of the officers, she was the old and tried friend of many an illness and anxiety, rather than merely the mother of a private soldier who was in a scrape. The room was as neat and pleasant, the bed and the patient as well cared for, as though his nurse had no thought but his welfare; and the sight of this also touched the Colonel, who would have done his duty under any circumstances, and who respected the evidence of such a character in others.

"Butler must not talk much, if you please, Colonel," Mrs. O'Halloran said, as she left the room and sat down on the lowest step of the hall stair, for she was trembling so that she could scarcely stand.

After a few moments the Colonel came slowly out. He was surprised that Butler had not interceded for Tom, because he knew the man's liking for the nurse, who, as a special favor, had been allowed him, instead of the usual hospital steward, and that he might reasonably expect to be heard with patience at least by his old master.

"You know what I would say, Colonel," Mrs. O'Halloran began, rising and clasping her wrinkled hands. "My heart has been breaking to say it this long day, but I could not leave Butler."

"Does Butler know anything of this affair?"

"No, sir. Sure I could not trouble a dying man, who has been a good friend to Tom, and his father before him, this many a day."

"I wish Tom had your sense of duty, Mrs. O'Halloran!" cried the Colonel, with a sudden dimness in his keen eyes, as he thought of the mother's agony of suspense that she had concealed for the good of her patient.

"I knew that I could see you when you came to see Butler, as you always do, Colonel," she said, simply; and then, while the slow tears of age crept down her pale face, "Colonel, it is good and kind you have been to my poor boy many and many a time, and sorely he has tried your kindness! But his heart is set on going to this fighting, and if you turn him out of the regiment now, the regiment that has been his home since he was a little lad, sure, sir, you will ruin his life entirely, and he so young. He is a brave boy too, is my Tom, Colonel, and I have a feeling here" (pressing a trembling hand against her heart) "that if you take him with you, he will do something to make you and his regiment proud of him."

It was weak logic, but the brave, pathetic old eyes, the passionate pleading of the faltering voice, made it very eloquent, and though the Colonel told himself that he was a fool, he knew that he was yielding.

"Take him with you this once! Give him this one more chance!" she implored. "Sure, Colonel, the God of the widow will not let any harm come to you, because you heard the widow's prayer."

"Very well, Mrs. O'Halloran, for your sake Tom shall have another trial; but I shall keep my eye on him, and if he does any harm, it shall only be to himself," cried the Colonel, with a sense of apologizing to his conscience. "The son of such a mother as you are ought to be better stuff than hopeless drunkards are made of."

"God bless you, sir, for ever and ever!"—catching his hand and kissing it. "His mother knows Tom O'Halloran better than himself does; and you will be glad of this day's mercy as long as you live, Colonel."

The sun had risen on such hopes and such confidence, such light hearts and such gay laughter, on a well-ordered, well-appointed regiment that scorned its foes and believed in its own invincibleness. The sun was sinking, at the June day's close, on a couple of hundred exhausted men huddled together within a rampart of saddles and dead horses on the bare crown of a steep hill, whose base was surrounded by howling savages, who stretched in dusky hordes, it seemed to the tired eyes that watched them, endlessly through the valley beyond the little river. They had been surrounded and slaughtered by overwhelming numbers, and the remnant still alive were worn out with fatigue, heat, hunger, discouragement, but most of all by thirst. The steep sides of the hill were strewn with bodies; for the Indians, with the recklessness of triumph, had charged almost up to the rifles several times, and none of that weary band could say but what the next charge might be successful, though each man vowed silently to himself that his own weapon should prevent his becoming a prisoner if he survived his comrades.

They were not quite hopeless, however, for they knew that within twenty-four hours' march of them were re-enforcements of such extent that at their approach the Indians would vanish, and that if they could but maintain their position, by sunset to-morrow they would be safe. But in the mean time, though hunger and fatigue could be endured, thirst was maddening, and the wounded, who lay in the centre of the little circle, would not live until morning without water, the surgeon said. The Colonel and two or three of the surviving officers, who had been holding a council (if such could be called anything so unanimous as the opinion that they must defend themselves while there was life left), looked hopelessly at each other when the surgeon made his report, and then, with the energy of desperation, the Colonel sprang to his feet. They were all lying flat behind their rampart to protect themselves against occasional volleys fired by the Indians from an opposite but less high hill.

"Boys!" said the Colonel, and between fatigue and sorrow (for had he not seen his best friends die that day?) the strong, kindly voice was sorely shaken, "you have done to-day all that brave men could. You are tired and hungry and grieved. Your Colonel will not order you to do him an extra service, but the surgeon has told us that our wounded will die of thirst before morning unless the have watery. Boys, there is a little stream at the foot of this hill. Will any of you volunteer to bring some for your comrades?"

There was a moment's silence, for all the men knew that the service he asked was a desperate one. The stream lay within the Indian line—if anything so irregular could be called a line—and they were physically so tired that exertion, much less daring, seemed impossible. Only a moment, and then a tall young man jumped up in his place, a couple of yards from the Colonel's side, and waved his cap over his head.

"I will go, Colonel!" cried Tom O'Halloran's cheery voice. "Friends, who will help to bring some water for those who have not been so lucky as we have?"

Soldiers only need a leader to do a gallant thing, and in two moments more eight men—the Colonel would not permit more to go—crept out over the rampart, every second man carrying a tin bucket, and the others acting as guards. Very breathlessly their comrades waited the result, and the Colonel clinched his hands in helpless grief when he heard the firing that told they had been attacked. But they came back presently—seven of them, wonderful to say—with water enough to give everybody a drink, and to keep the wounded supplied for several hours, and the only missing man was Tom O'Halloran!

"His mother said that he would make the regiment proud of him," muttered the Colonel to the officer beside him, and neither was ashamed of the tears on his cheek.

It was not a night on which it was possible for a commanding officer, however tired, to sleep; and two hours later, when all had been quiet for over an hour, and in the dusky skies the stars were shining brilliantly, the Colonel moved noiselessly across the sleeping men to a sentry who for some five minutes had been fixedly watching something on the other side of the defenses.

"What is it?" he asked, in a sharp whisper.

"I think it is one of our men, Colonel, but I am not sure," answered the soldier, pointing to a dark form crawling on hands and knees, with many pauses, near the top of the hill.

"Who goes there?" cried the Colonel.

"Tom," came a faint reply; and in an instant, forgetting that it was his duty as commander not needlessly to expose his life, the Colonel was over the defenses, and kneeling beside bleeding, ghastly, but living Tom O'Halloran.

"Good God! my boy, how did you get here? We thought you were dead!"

"So did I, Colonel, twice," murmured Tom, with a gleam that was half fun, half tenderness, in his dim eyes. "But I promised my mother to go back to her, and I was not going to break her heart just when I had done something at last to make her a little proud of her worthless fellow!"

You all know that they were rescued next day, "all that was left of them"; but I think you will be glad to hear that Tom O'Halloran kept his promise to his mother, and lived, though he lost a leg, and was otherwise so injured that he will never be a strong man again. But he is the hero of his regiment, and whether a desire to live up to his new place in men's esteem helped him, or whether the good in his nature would have triumphed sooner or later without the assistance of his heroism, is a question the Colonel is fond of arguing, always ending by inviting his auditor, if a stranger, to go with him to the regimental hospital, where Tom has become a model book-keeper and steward, and the best of sons to his happy and proud old mother.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

SPRING WATER.

There is a common notion that spring water is pretty much the same everywhere, that its constitution varies much less than that of water from other sources. It is true that in general spring water is the best drinking water. But there are very wide differences in the quality of different springs, and especially in the quantity and quality of the various mineral substances which they contain. The main distinction is into hard and soft waters. The hard waters are those which contain lime and magnesian salts, and consequently will not form a lather with soap until after the soap has decomposed these salts. The "soap test" for hardness consists in employing a solution of soap of a given strength, and ascertaining how much of this must be added to a given quantity of water to form a lather which will last a given time. Hard water may be softened to a considerable extent by boiling it—in some cases an economical expedient. There are hard waters that require seventeen times as much soap to make a lather as soft water requires. The soap thus wasted in using hard water costs the community an enormous sum annually.

Soft water is comparatively free from lime, and from the magnesian salts. The effects of its habitual use on health and growth are still an unsettled question. Of French recruits, says Galton, a larger number from soft than from hard water districts were rejected on examination. But this proves nothing, for the rejection might have been due to other physiological causes. And, "on the other hand, Highlanders are a stalwart race, and the water they have is mostly soft water." In the United States, ever since measurements have been made, the tallest American-born soldiers have come from Kentucky. Then follow, in the order of average statures, the men of Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, California, Nevada, Indiana, and Virginia. In no other States does the average stature run over five feet eight inches. In Kentucky, it may be added, the ailment of stone in the bladder is frequent, presumably on account of the prevalence of magnesian salts in the drinking water.

The terms "hard water" and "soft water" need a little more careful definition than they commonly receive. There are many kinds of hard waters. One kind is that which flows from strata that contain much magnesia. This tends in some cases to produce goitre, a disease of which the chief cause is indeed a very different one, namely, insufficient exposure to sunlight, as among the inhabitants of that rather gloomy tract of the river Rhone, the Valais, just above Lake Geneva. Still the ailment has been traced, in parts of France and England (in the latter it is called "Derbyshire neck"), to the use of hard magnesian waters.

This, happily, is in this country not a danger to health worth mentioning. In general the hard waters that come from the chalk and limestone formations are the best; those from clay soil, from surface soils, and from loose sand, or from soft sandstones, are apt to be impurer. Water that flows from granite rock is generally both soft and pure. But some of the most famous and efficient mineral springs, as those of Carlsbad and Marienbad, come from the granite, and are highly charged with constituents of the granite in solution.

Springs are seldom abundant enough to form the direct supply of a city: it would be better for us if they were. The impurities of city drinking water are generally contracted in the streams, ponds, and reservoirs through which they must pass before reaching the consumer. But there are fortunate exceptions to this rule. The city of Vienna has a new supply from the Kaiserbrunn and the Sixtenquelle, fifty-eight miles from the capital. Besançon, in eastern France, is thus entirely supplied, and from one of the most beautiful springs that I have ever seen—the Source d'Arcier. It pours out of a mountain-side 780 feet above sea-level, and sixty-seven feet above the ancient city of Besançon, which it now supplies for the second time in the course of seventeen hundred years. When the Emperor Marcus

Aurelius, in the second century, occupied this province he constructed an aqueduct, which still exists. Its tight brick vaulting is still as perfect in many parts of its six miles' course as when it led the waters of Arces ("The Arches," so called from the brick arches over which the canal was partly carried) to the Roman citizens of Vesontio.

About forty years ago the people of Besançon built the modern aqueduct over nearly the same course as that of Marcus Aurelius. The spring, or subterranean river rather, breaks at a single bound from the limestone rock, deep in an ancient wood. Its leap is like that of the "mighty fountain" in Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." But the torrent is intercepted by a dam, which turns into the mouth of the aqueduct a supply sufficient for sixty thousand people. Caught up by the engineering works the moment it leaves the rock, and before any contamination from air or soil can occur, the water reaches the city as cool and limpid as when it springs from the mountain-side. The living spring actually flows in the old town. It is almost at an unvarying temperature, and the only fault that is found with it is that during long-continued rains it is slightly turbid. The surplus water rushes down the hill-side at Arcier in a beautiful cascade, and pours into the river Doubs, the *Dubis* of the Roman wine and water drinkers' time. TITUS MUNSON COAN.

CITY GOVERNMENTS AND THE POOR.

THE part that a city government may take in preventing want and suffering is very great: it refutes Johnson and Goldsmith. The city government may "cause or cure" disease, produce general discomfort, neglect cleanliness; live by fraud and bribery, by sectarian influence, or other bad influences; it may raise the price of rents and provisions by excessive taxation, and drive the working-men from the city by its wastefulness, or confine them to single rooms and crowded tenement-houses. Or it may do the very opposite of all this, and prove the benefactor of its people. It may rule economically, and yet provide clean streets, healthy quarters for those who live by labor, watch over them, and prevent discomfort. It may provide parks, gardens, and amusements for the poor, and make their homes often more comfortable than palaces.

This will be the aim of the city of the future, and it is in part the cure for those pressing evils that have always haunted life in great cities. The city government can do much to soften the pressure of poverty, and give pleasant homes to those who labor, and it is already felt that this power has never yet been properly exercised. In most large cities, and particularly in New York, the chief attention of officials and politicians has been given to the finer parts of the town. The Fifth Avenue is at least swept and tended; the side streets are left in strange neglect. It is sometimes impossible to pass through them without discomfort. The seeds of disease are left to fester in the crowded haunts of the industrious. In summer painful odors sweep over them. No parks or open spaces are provided for children and the sick. There are no recreations for the poor. The parks and boulevards are far away, and seem only meant for the wealthy. The eastern side of New York, with its great industrial population, may well sink into the condition of East London, if something is not done to give its people free air and a more hopeful life.

In most cities there are already traces of a new progress. There is a plain desire to provide for the comfort of the many rather than of the few. In London the use of scientific drainage and various sanitary precautions has made it the healthiest of cities. Once it was one of the least healthy. But with all its vice, poverty, want, despair, London shows a far lower death rate than New York. Its example is encouraging to those who study public health. One chief aim of European philanthropy is to provide comfortable homes for those who labor. Large blocks of buildings are erected in convenient situations. They are fire-proof, and almost indestructible. The rooms are rented at moderate rates; the comfort and good order of the community are in every way consulted. Another important element of the scheme is to give amusement and recreation to the poor. Lectures, free libraries, parks, gardens, play-grounds of the public schools, even gymnastic and athletic exercises, are employed to stir the sluggishness of want. Hope and pleasure are given to many who had never apparently known their names. In Paris the Municipal Council has recently established a large number of free libraries in connection with the communal schools. The books are lent for short periods. In London churchyards are turned into parks and play-grounds for children. A "winter garden," a "magnificent" free library and reading-room, a profusion of plants and flowers, a gymnasium and pleasant walks in the winter garden, are to be given by private benevolence to the poor of East London.

In New York we have little to hope for from our city government. It has long proved the scourge rather than the protector of the city. It has loaded it with an immense debt, on which it pays $8,000,000 a year interest, and has left the working classes without comfortable homes, or any means of recreation; many it has driven from the city, many it shuts up in crowded garrets and uncleanly lodgings. Possibly our city government may be improved hereafter; but at present we must look to private benevolence to soften some of the pains of toil. Already we have the germs of a free library founded by some benevolent citizens. We have accomplished women and energetic men anxious to help the poor. Our charitable societies are numberless. They want only a general union to become singularly useful. Shall we not have a winter garden, plants, flowers, and walks, on the east side of our city, as is planned in East London, and houses for the industrious as pleasant and safe as those founded by the Peabody estate? Is it not possible to make New York one of the healthiest of cities? and, indeed, to what better subject can the rising intellect of the time be turned than the best mode of governing cities?

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE TIME OF PILGRIMS.

MARCH is the month of the pilgrims' return. In the East, to-day, millions of people—Hindoo and Mohammedan, men, women, and children—are toiling on their homeward way from Mecca and Medina in Arabia, and the Ganges shrines in India, to all the quarters of the compass. No European has ever yet started with a party of Arabic devotees from their homes, travelled with them as they travelled, lived as they lived, and followed the wonderful pilgrim story through from first to last. The narrative of the journey would be equally picturesque and interesting, abounding in passages of quaint adventure and deep pathos. Whether in India we set out from the rajah's palace or the ryot's hut, there is but one road to follow, that which from time immemorial has been consecrated by pilgrims' feet, and which leads the pious wayfarer to Benares, Allahabad, and Gaya, and passed by the way-side a thousand sacred shrines. In the circumstances of the journey there would be a vast difference, for with the noble cortége would be witnessed the astonishing combination of magnificence and squalor that marks the devotional progress of a Hindoo prince. All day long there would be the stately procession of gorgeously bedizened ox-wagons and horsemen, the whole household and retinue of the rajah on journey, the clamor of greedy votaries of the temples and fakirs, the pompous display of wealth and rank and piety, boastful pride and superstitious humility. All night long from the splendid tents would come the sounds of barbarous sleep-murdering music, the tinkling of ankle bells, and the vociferated demands and thanks of the pious and the poor who crowd without. With the poor man the traveller would see the same sight exactly, hear the same sounds, visit the same precise spots; but he would be on foot, a staff in his hand, a bag of parched grain at his back, ever accompanied by the moving dust, with cripples and sick and mendicants jostling along together. The day would pass in monotonous trudging, broken at times by a halt before a shrine, with noisy invocations, and the night be spent under the sky in weary sleep.

Between the two extremes, however, there is a vast body of pilgrims—the middle class of Hindoos—who look forward to the all-important journey as a household holiday, both enjoyable in the present and advantageous in the future. The women and children will all take part in it, and year after year money is put by and preparations made for the great undertaking. Months are occupied in the actual travelling to and fro, and if sickness intervene the whole family will remain at one or other of the sacred places until recovery or death sets them free again. Throughout the long journey will be sprinkled episodes of adventure from wild beasts and robbers, many laughter-moving incidents also, but just as many miserable scenes of death and crime, with perhaps on the road or at some halting-place an outbreak of one of those awful epidemics which so frequently attack the pilgrim swarms. But every day is brightened for all alike with the ever-present thought that each step in advance is a step nearer to their thrones of grace, and every step on the homeward way made easy by the knowledge of the good deed done and the happiness stored up in recompense hereafter.

Turning to the Mohammedans, we find the scene almost the same. Similar differences of rank and circumstances, with their attendant incidents of luxury or misery, mark the onward course of the never-resting crowd, and the same episodes of life, tragic or comic, break the monotony of the pilgrimage.

In tracing the course of a party of the Faithful from their homes to the supreme mosque, the narrative, however, would exceed in adventurous variety, and even in picturesque romance, the record of the Hindoos' pious journey. For the Hindoo is of India only; and though he may have wandered for an interval, he returns to his country, so that his pilgrimage commences and ends within the limits of Hindostan. These are, it is true, vast enough; but to the empire of Mohammed there are no limits save those of the earth. Upon Mecca converge all the roads of Africa, Europe, and Asia. Travel is not forbidden to Mohammedans, and they have therefore spread far and wide; but once in his life every man hopes to turn his feet toward the City of the Prophet, to win eternal paradise by seeing "the stone and well" before he dies; and from China and Central Africa, the Asiatic khanates and the Eastern seas, perennial streams of pilgrims are forever in flow and ebb. The undertaking, however, though in itself a formidable one, has lost something of its terrors for the greater number of the pious by the conveniences offered by enterprising contractors and ship-owners, which greatly alleviate both the danger and hardships of the journey. Whole caravans—thousands of men and women together—are now provisioned and carried by contract from place to place on land, while regular halting-stages, with lodging accommodation and traders' stores, enable the wayfarers to recruit their strength and replenish their stock of small luxuries at convenient intervals. Turks, negroes, and Malays, men from Greece and Barbary, Central Africa and Palestine, Malacca and Syria—all the countries and islands where Islam has its followers—crowd together at the sea-port nearest Mecca, and for weeks the ships have been busy discharging and embarking their motley freights.

Sometimes the pilgrims have to take passage by vessels not intended solely for their benefit, and this phase of their journey has therefore become familiar to us. With a gravity and persistence that nothing will disturb, the devout Mohammedans attempt all day and night to take advantage of the conveniences and comforts designed for the better-paying class of passengers, encroaching on parts of the ship sacred to Europeans or the officers, solemnly spreading their prayer carpets, to the disturbance of the greater number, hanging up their clothes to dry on all the ropes that ought to be least interfered with; and congregating, smoking, and cooking always to the windward. These manœuvres exasperate the ship's officers, crew, and passengers alike; but the imperturbable Moslem continues in his course, loftily disregarding all minor considerations in the one great fact that he is on the way himself to certain and eternal paradise. There is, however, an aspect of this pilgrim life on board a passenger steamer that appeals strongly to Western imagination. Life is with most of us a term of hurry and bustle, marked here and there with certain chief events; but to those Mohammedans, black and brown, crouching together on the forecastle of the steamer, life grows up to and sinks down from one great central incident—the crisis of their lives—the pilgrimage to Mecca. When the pilgrim is on his way to and from the Holy City, it is a great act he is performing, and let the passengers on the poop laugh as they may, and the quartermaster rail as he chooses, the pilgrim cares little. Whatever is to be will be; and—Inshallah!—so long as he gets to Mecca and safe home again, the rest of the world may go where it pleases. PHIL ROBINSON.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

JUMBO eats onions, drinks whiskey, and chews tobacco. It is but justice to him, however, to remember that he doesn't further complicate his breath by chewing cloves.

One of the pretty customs brought to this country from the Old World is that of setting out a sheaf of grain on the top of a long pole as a holiday offering to the birds. A Minnesota newspaper says that this custom is quite generally observed throughout the western part of that State, which is settled by immigrants who came from the northern countries of Europe.

At the time of this writing the British pashas in Egypt are hopeful, it is said, of capturing Osman Digna. After they have succeeded they can enjoy their *otium cum Dig.*

The spring-time awakening of Mother Earth was duly celebrated this year by the Titans of modern Gotham. It happened, however, that the evening of the celebration was one of the coldest of the season; and while the demi-gods were going through the forms of welcoming the spring, the ears of belated persons returning home on foot were becoming inflexible, the frost was creaking under the wheels of vehicles, and frozen-up water pipes were bursting throughout the city.

In the Krupp Steel Ordnance Works, at Essen, a steam-hammer is in course of construction which will dwarf the fifty-ton machine called "Unser Fritz." The new hammer will weigh about one hundred and fifty tons, and will cost over $2,500,000. The old one weighs fifty tons. It is said that when the Emperor William visited the works in 1877 this ponderous piece of machinery attracted his attention, and he was told by Mr. Krupp that the machinist handled it with such precision that an object placed where it seemed as though it must be ground to powder would not be touched. The Emperor thereupon laid his diamond-studded watch on the spot indicated, and bade the workman set the hammer in motion. He hesitated. "Fritz, let fly," said Krupp to the workman. The ponderous hammer came down, and the watch was untouched. The Emperor gave the watch to the machinist, and the owner of the works added a thousand marks to the present.

It is proposed by an Ohio man to prevent future floods in the valley of the Ohio River by digging an enormous drain from Wellsville to Lake Erie. The river at that point, he says, is considerably higher than the lake. He thinks the cost of the work would not greatly exceed the damage done by the recent flood.

It seems a pity that the Credit Valley Railway should be a finished and utilized thoroughfare in Canada—the name would be so appropriate for some one of the many unfinished and unsurveyed railroads on this side of the international line.

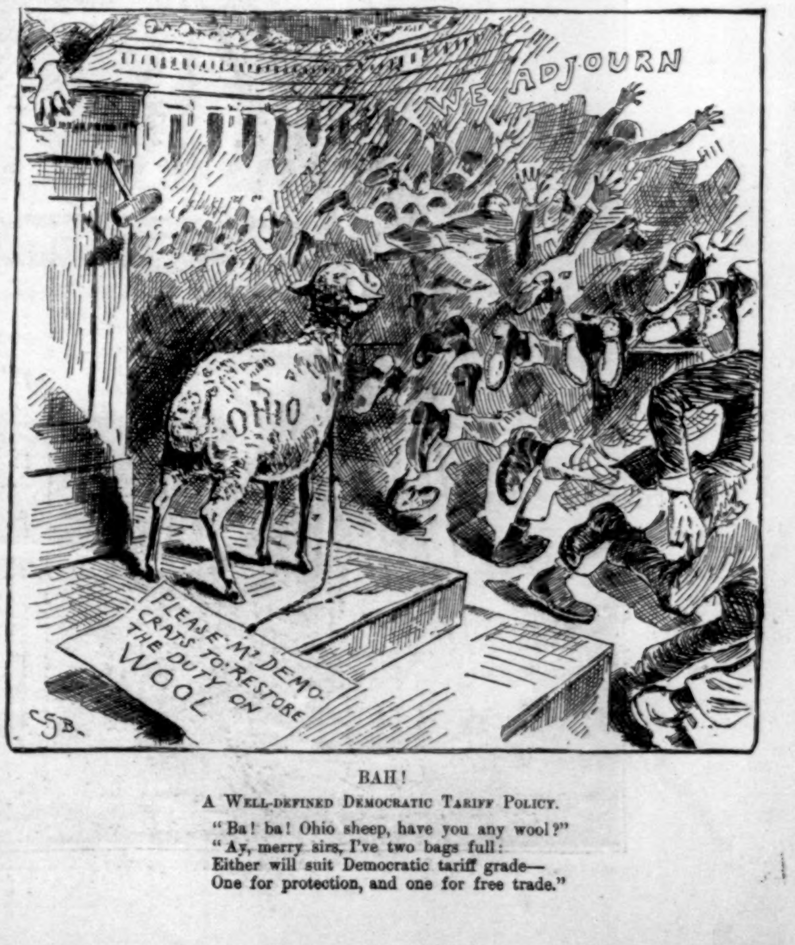
In consequence of instructions issued by the Postmaster-General, persons presenting money-orders for payment in this city must be identified to the satisfaction of the pay-clerk. The difficulty that many persons will experience in hunting up a friend who is known to the pay-clerk, and who has leisure for going to the post-office and making the identification satisfactory, will be apt to make the money-order business rather slow after a while.

A lady whose given name is Jessie was drawn as a juryman in Brooklyn. In a note to the judge she wrote that, although it is leap-year, she feared she would be challenged if she should attempt to serve.

The cable announces that the English detectives are "trying to find a cabman who drove three men from America with a suspicious-looking trunk to a certain house in London just previous to the explosion at the Victoria Station." The cabman who could drive three men from America to London in such weather as has been reported of late by masters of incoming vessels would not have much difficulty in keeping away from the detectives.

Two of the National Guard colonels who signed the circular, recently issued, attacking the uniformed veteran organizations, have reconsidered their action, and come to the conclusion that it was not wise. It is predicted by prominent veteran militiamen that the rank and file of several regiments which have leaned rather heavily on the veterans for financial support will persuade their commanding officers to withdraw their signatures from the offending document.

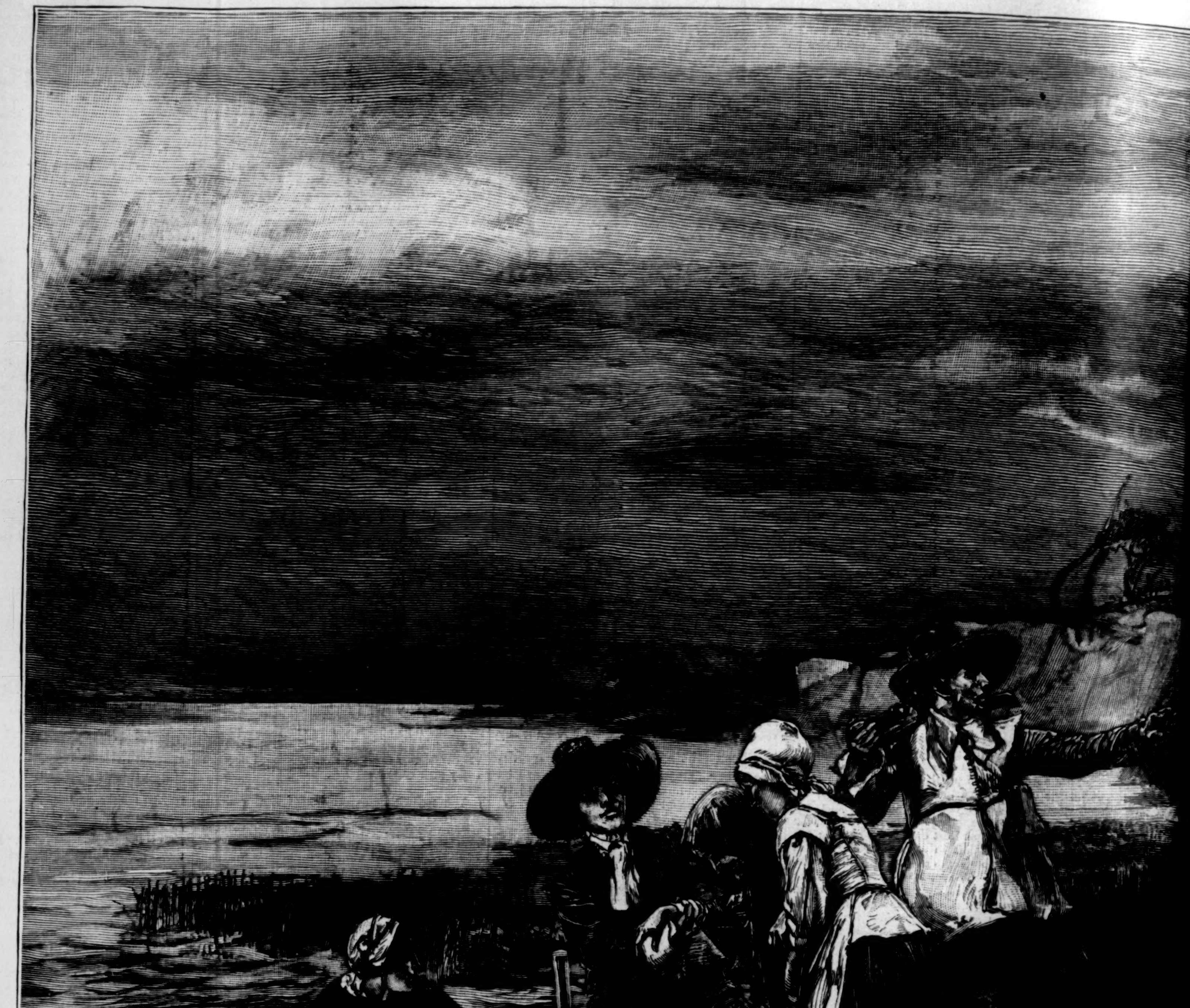
Doubtless there are competent engineers at work on a problem that has presented itself with unusual frequency in the past six months—that of rendering the propellers of steam-ships less liable to break down. During much of this period there has been at least one of the large passenger steam-ships making its way across the Atlantic under sail in consequence of a disabled screw. Though there has been an unusual amount of stormy weather, the disabled craft have without exception come safely into port. This, however, is good fortune. It would be better to have propelling machinery that would not break so often.


WE ADJOURN
OHIO
PLEASE Mr DEMOCRATS TO RESTORE THE DUTY ON WOOL
CJB.

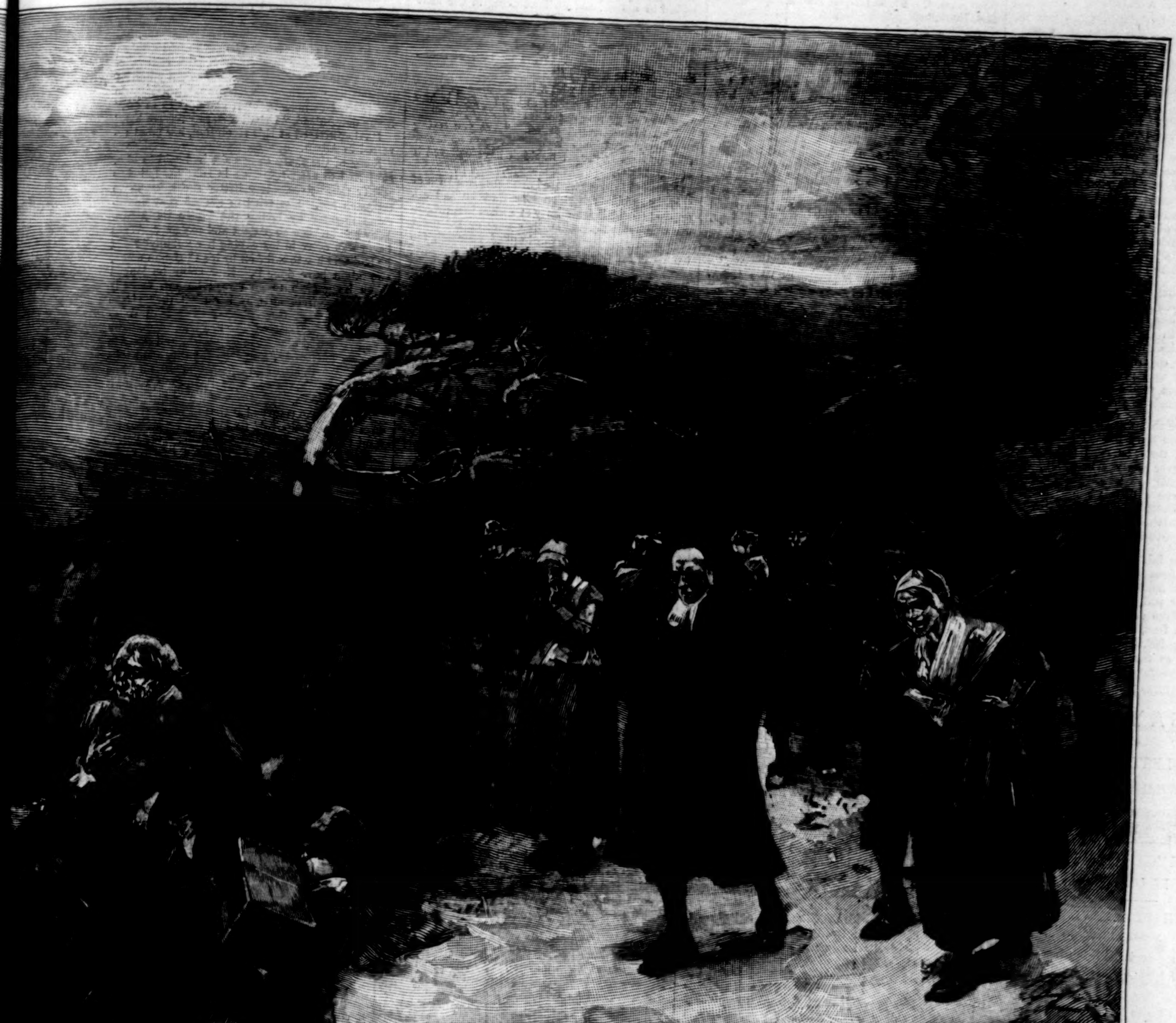
BAH!

A WELL-DEFINED DEMOCRATIC TARIFF POLICY.

"Ba! ba! Ohio sheep, have you any wool?"
"Ay, merry sirs, I've two bags full:
Either will suit Democratic tariff grade—
One for protection, and one for free trade."



BANISHED. FROM MASSACHUSETTS, 1660.—Drawn



Abbey.—[See Poem by J. G. Whittier, Page 166.]

“TAKE CARE.”

When a shadow is on your heart,
And you know not the reason why,
When the tear unbidden will start,
And unbidden will come the sigh,
Take care!
Watch, for there's cause for fear;
Watch, for an enemy's near;
Watch as the little bird watches
When the sparrow-hawk's in the air.

When the hope in your life turns pale,
And your courage dies vaguely out,
When you feel that the staff may fail
You have trusted without a doubt,
Take care!
The shadow of sorrow is long;
Watch, there is something wrong;
Watch as the pilot watches
When a storm is in the air.

There's a feeling you know not whence,
A whisper you know not where,
That says to some innermost sense,
Of which you are dimly aware,
Take care!
Fly to your covert, fly,
And danger may pass you by;
Fly as the hart to the mountain
When the hounds are scenting the air.

When the love that was strong turns weak,
The love you have trusted long,
And you feel that you need not speak,
That whatever you say is wrong,
Take care!
And hide you a little while
From the smile that is only guile,
And watch as the little bird watches
When the sparrow-hawk's in the air.

A foe that is fair and open
You may fight and keep your place,
But who can fight with a shadow
That never will show its face?
Take care!
When you fear, and you know not why,
When you fail, though you bravely try,
Then watch as the little bird watches
When the sparrow-hawk's in the air.

“I SAY NO:”*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of “My Lady's Money,” “The Moonstone,” “No Name,” “The Woman in White,” etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MOTHER EVE.

The servant received Emily, on her return to the cottage, with a sly smile. “Here he is again, miss, waiting to see you.”

She opened the parlor door, and revealed Alban Morris, as restless as ever, walking up and down the room.

“When I missed you at the Museum, I was afraid you might be ill,” he said. “Ought I to have gone away when my anxiety was relieved? Shall I go away now?”

“You must take a chair, Mr. Morris, and hear what I have to say for myself. When you left me after your last visit, I suppose I felt the force of example. At any rate, I, like you, had my suspicions. I have been trying to confirm them—and I have failed.”

He paused, with the chair in his hand. “Suspicions of me?” he asked.

“Certainly. Can you guess how I have been employed for the last two days? No; not even your ingenuity can do that. I have been hard at work, in another reading-room, consulting the same back numbers of the same newspaper which you have been examining at the British Museum. There is my confession; and now we will have some tea.”

She moved to the fire-place to ring the bell, and failed to see the effect produced on Alban by those lightly uttered words. The common phrase is the only phrase that can describe it. He was thunder-struck.

“Yes,” she resumed, “I have read the report of the inquest. If I know nothing else, I know that the murder at the inn can't be the discovery which you are bent on keeping from me. Don't be alarmed for the preservation of your secret. I am too much discouraged to try again.”

The servant interrupted them by answering the bell. Alban once more escaped detection. Emily gave her orders with an approach to the old gayety of her school-days. “Tea, as soon as possible; and let us have the new cake. Are you too much of a man, Mr. Morris, to like cake?”

In his state of agitation he was unreasonably irritated by that playful question. “There is one thing I like better than cake,” he said; “and that one thing is a plain explanation.”

His tone puzzled her. “Have I said anything to offend you?” she asked. “Surely you can make allowance for a girl's curiosity? Oh, you shall have your explanation; and, what is more, you shall have it without reserve.”

She was as good as her word. What she had thought, and what she had planned, when he left her after his last visit, was frankly and fully told. “If you wonder how I discovered the library,” she went on, “I must refer you to my aunt's lawyer. He lives in the City—and I wrote to him to help me. I don't consider that my time has been wasted. Mr. Morris, we owe an apology to Mrs. Rook.”

Alban's astonishment, when he heard this, forced its way to expression in words. “What can you possibly mean?” he asked.

The tea was brought in before Emily could reply. She filled the cups, and sighed as she looked at the cake. “If Cecilia was here, how she would enjoy it!” With that complimentary tribute to her friend, she handed a slice to Alban. He never even noticed it.

“We have both of us behaved most unkindly to Mrs. Rook,” she resumed. “I can excuse your not seeing it; for I should not have seen it either, but for the newspaper. While I was reading, I had an opportunity of thinking over what we said and did, when the poor woman's behavior so needlessly offended us. I was too excited to think, at the time—and, besides, I had been upset, only the night before, by what Miss Jethro said to me.”

Alban started. He remembered Miss Jethro as the teacher who had suddenly left the school, under mysterious circumstances. “What has she to do with it?” he asked.

“Nothing at all,” Emily answered. “She spoke to me of her own private affairs. A long story, and you wouldn't be interested in it. Let me finish what I had to say. Mrs. Rook was naturally reminded of the murder when she heard that my name was Brown; and she must certainly have been struck, as I was, by the coincidence of my father's death taking place at the same time when his unfortunate namesake was killed. Doesn't this sufficiently account for her agitation when she looked at the locket? We first took her by surprise, and then we suspected her of Heaven knows what, because the poor creature didn't happen to have her wits about her, and to remember at the right moment what a very common name ‘Brown’ is. Don't you see it as I do?”

“I see that you have arrived at a remarkable change of opinion since we spoke of the subject in the garden at school.”

“In my place you would have changed your opinion too. I shall write to Mrs. Rook by to-morrow's post.”

Alban heard her with dismay. “Pray be guided by my advice!” he said, earnestly. “Pray don't write that letter!”

“Why not?”

It was too late to recall the words which he had rashly allowed to escape him. How could he reply?

To own that he had not only read what Emily had read, but had carefully copied the whole narrative, and considered it at his leisure, was simply impossible after what he had now heard. Her innocent defense of Sir Jervis's housekeeper (ignoring former conclusions at which she had herself arrived) had actually relieved him of the last doubt left in his mind. Reading of the removal of the remains of the murdered man by a “relative,” he had asked himself why that “relative” had not been named. And he had concluded that some private and pressing reason for concealment had been urged, which the coroner and the reporters received with sympathy and submission. He was now able to trace back the concealment to the “relative” whose name had been suppressed, and whose object had evidently been to prevent Emily from discovering the terrible circumstances under which her father had met with his death. Her peace of mind depended absolutely on Alban's discretion. Silence was a mercy, and silence was a lie; and he—a stranger—had no choice left but to feel the family compassion, and to become an accomplice in the family fraud.

In the mean while Emily reminded him that he had not yet answered her.

“Isn't the imprudence of writing to such a person plain enough to speak for itself?” he suggested, cautiously.

“Not to me.”

She made that reply rather obstinately. Alban seemed (in her view) to be trying to prevent her from atoning for an act of injustice. Besides, he despised her cake. “I want to know why you object,” she said, taking back the neglected slice, and eating it herself.

“I object,” Alban answered, “because Mrs. Rook is a coarse, presuming woman. She may pervert your letter to some use of her own, which you may have reason to regret.”

“Is that all?”

“Isn't it enough?”

“It may be enough for *you*. When I have done a person an injury, and wish to make an apology, I don't think it necessary to inquire whether the person's manners happen to be vulgar or not.”

Alban's patience was still equal to any demands that she could make on it. “I can only offer you advice which is honestly intended for your own good,” he gently replied.

“You would have more influence over me, Mr. Morris, if you were a little readier to take me into your confidence. I dare say I am wrong, but I don't like following advice which is given to me in the dark.”

It was impossible to offend him. “Very naturally,” he said; “I don't blame you.”

Her color deepened, and her voice rose. Alban's patient adherence to his own view—so courteously and considerately urged—was beginning to try her temper. “In plain words,” she rejoined, “I am to believe that you can't be mistaken in your judgment of another person.”

There was a ring at the door of the cottage while she was speaking. But she was too warmly interested in confuting Alban to notice it.

He was quite willing to be confuted. Even when she lost her temper, she was still interesting to him. “I don't expect you to think me infallible,” he said. “Perhaps you will remember that I have had some experience. I am unfortunately older than you are.”

“Oh, if wisdom comes with age,” she smartly reminded him, “your friend Miss Redwood is old enough to be your mother—and she suspected Mrs. Rook of murder because the poor woman looked at a door, and disliked being in the next room to a fidgety old maid.”

Alban's manner changed: he shrank from that chance allusion to doubts and fears which he dare not acknowledge. “Let us talk of something else,” he said.

She looked at him with a saucy smile. “Have I driven you into a corner at last? And is *that* your way of getting out of it?”

Even his endurance failed. “Are you trying to provoke me?” he asked. “Are you no better than other women? I wouldn't have believed it of you, Emily.”

“Emily?” She repeated the name in a tone of surprise, which reminded him that he had addressed her with familiarity at a most inappropriate time—the time when they were on the point of a quarrel. He felt the implied reproach too keenly to be able to answer her with composure.

“I think of Emily—I love Emily—my one hope is that Emily may love me. Oh, my dear, is there no excuse if I forget to call you ‘Miss’ when you distress me?”

All that was tender and true in her nature secretly took his part. She would have followed that better impulse, if he had only been calm enough to understand her momentary silence, and to give her time. But the temper of a gentle and generous man, once roused, is slow to subside. Alban abruptly left his chair. “I had better go,” he said.

“As you please,” she answered. “Whether you go, Mr. Morris, or whether you stay, I shall write to Mrs. Rook.”

The ring at the bell was followed by the appearance of a visitor. Dr. Allday opened the door just in time to hear Emily's last words. Her vehemence seemed to amuse him.

“Who is Mrs. Rook?” he asked.

“A most respectable person,” Emily answered, indignantly; “housekeeper to Sir Jervis Redwood. You needn't sneer at her, Dr. Allday. She has not always been in service—she was landlady of the inn at Zeeland.”

The doctor, about to put his hat on a chair, paused. The inn at Zeeland reminded him of the handbill, and of the visit of Miss Jethro.

“Why are you so hot over it?” he inquired.

“Because I detest prejudice.” With this assertion of liberal feeling she pointed to Alban, standing quietly apart at the further end of the room. “There is the most prejudiced man living—he hates Mrs. Rook. Would you like to be introduced to him? You're a philosopher; you may do him some good. Dr. Allday—Mr. Alban Morris.”

The doctor recognized the man with the felt hat and the objectionable beard, whose personal appearance had not impressed him favorably.

Although they may hesitate to acknowledge it, there are respectable Englishmen still left who regard a felt hat and a beard as symbols of republican disaffection to the altar and the throne. Dr. Allday's manner might have expressed this curious form of patriotic feeling, but for the associations which Emily had revived. In his present frame of mind he was outwardly courteous, because he was inwardly suspicious. Mrs. Rook had been described to him as formerly landlady of the inn at Zeeland. Were there reasons for Mr. Morris's hostile feeling toward this woman, which might be referable to the crime committed in her house, and which might threaten Emily's tranquillity if they were made known? It would not be amiss to see a little more of Mr. Morris on the first convenient occasion.

“I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir.”

“You are very kind, Dr. Allday.”

The exchange of polite conventionalities having been accomplished, Alban approached Emily to take his leave, with mingled feelings of regret and anxiety—regret for having allowed himself to speak harshly, anxiety to part with her in kindness.

“Will you forgive me for differing from you?” It was all he could venture to say in the presence of a stranger.

“Oh yes,” she said, quietly.

“Will you think again, before you decide?”

“Certainly, Mr. Morris. But it won't alter my opinion, if I do.”

The doctor, hearing what passed between them, frowned. On what subject had they been differing? And what opinion did Emily decline to alter?

Alban gave it up. He took her hand gently. “Shall I see you at the Museum to-morrow?” he asked.

She was politely indifferent to the last. “Yes—unless something happens to keep me at home.”

The doctor's eyebrows still expressed disapproval. For what object was the meeting proposed? And why at a museum?

“Good-afternoon, Dr. Allday.”

“Good-afternoon, sir.”

For a moment after Alban's departure the doctor stood irresolute. Arriving suddenly at a decision, he snatched up his hat and turned to Emily in a hurry.

“I bring you news, my dear, which will surprise you. Who do you think has just left my house? Mrs. Ellmother! Don't interrupt me. She has made up her mind to go out to service again—tired of leading an idle life—that's her own account of it—and asks me to act as her reference.”

“Did you consent?”

“Consent! If I act as her reference, I shall be asked how she came to leave her last place. A nice dilemma! Either I must own that she deserted her mistress on her death-bed, or tell a lie. When I put it to her in that way, she walked out of the house in dead silence. If she applies to you next, receive her as I did, or decline to see her, which would be better still.”

“Why am I to decline to see her?”

“In consequence of her behavior to your aunt, to be sure. Now I have said all I wanted to say, and I have no time to spare for answering idle questions. Good-by.”

Socially speaking, doctors try the patience of their nearest and dearest friends in this respect—they are almost always in a hurry. Dr. Allday's precipitate departure did not tend to soothe Emily's irritated nerves. She began to find excuses for Mrs. Ellmother in a spirit of pure contradiction. The old servant's behavior might admit of justification; a friendly welcome might persuade her to explain herself. “If she applies to me,” Emily determined, “I shall certainly receive her.”

Having arrived at this resolution, her mind reverted to Alban.

Some of the sharp things she had said to him, subjected to after-reflection in solitude, failed to justify themselves. Her better sense began to reproach her. She tried to silence that unwelcome monitor by laying the blame on Alban. Why had he been so patient and so good? What harm was there in his calling her “Emily”? If he had told her to call *him* by his Christian name, she might have done it. How noble he looked when he got up to go away; he was actually handsome. Women may say what they please and write what they please: their natural instinct is to find their master in a man—especially when they like him. Sinking lower and lower in her own estimation, Emily tried to turn the current of her thoughts in another direction. She took up a book, opened it, looked into it, threw it across the room.

If Alban had returned at that moment, resolved on a reconciliation—if he had said, “My dear, I want to see you like yourself again; will you give me a kiss, and make it up?”—would he have left her crying when he went away? She was crying now.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MENTOR AND TELEMACHUS.

If Emily's eyes could have followed Alban as her thoughts were following him, she would have seen him stop before he reached the end of the road in which the cottage stood. His heart was full of tenderness and sorrow; the longing to return to her was more than he could resist. It would be easy to wait, within view of the gate, until the doctor's visit came to an end. He had just decided to go back and keep watch, when he heard rapid footsteps approaching. There (devil take him!) was the doctor himself.

“I have something to say to you, Mr. Morris. Which way are you walking?”

“Any way,” Alban answered, not very graciously.

“Then let us take the turning that leads to my house. It's not customary for strangers, especially when they happen to be Englishmen, to place confidence in each other. Let me set the example of violating that rule. I want to speak to you about Miss Emily. May I take your arm? Thank you. At my age, girls in general, unless they are my patients, are not objects of interest to me. But that girl at the cottage—I dare say I am in my dotage—I tell you, sir, she has bewitched me. Upon my soul, I could hardly be more anxious about her if I was her father. And, mind, I am not an affectionate man by nature. Are you anxious about her too?”

“Yes.”

“In what way?”

“In what way are you anxious, Dr. Allday?”

The doctor smiled grimly. “You don't trust me? Well, I have promised to set the example. Keep your mask on, sir; mine is off, come what may of it. But observe: if you repeat what I am going to say—”

Alban would hear no more. “Whatever you may say, Dr. Allday, is trusted to my honor. If you doubt my honor, be so good as to let go of my arm, I am not walking your way.”

The doctor's hand tightened its grasp. “That little flourish of temper, my dear sir, is all I want to set me at my ease. I feel I have got hold of the right man. Now answer me this. Have you ever heard of a person named Miss Jethro?”

Alban suddenly came to a stand-still.

“All right!” said the doctor. “I couldn't have wished for a more satisfactory reply.”

“Wait a minute,” Alban interposed. “I know Miss Jethro as a teacher at Miss Ladd's school, who left her situation suddenly—and I know no more.”

The doctor's peculiar smile made its appearance again.

“Speaking in the vulgar tongue,” he said, “you seem to be in a hurry to wash your hands of Miss Jethro.”

“I have no reason to feel any interest in her,” Alban replied.

“Don't be too sure of that, my friend. I have something to tell you which may alter your opinion. That ex-teacher at the school, sir, knows how the late Mr. Brown met his death, and how his daughter has been deceived about it. Ha, Mr. Morris, your face answers for you! You are as anxious about Emily as I am: we have the same object in view; and we must take care not to get in each other's way. Here is my house. Let us go in, and make a clean breast of it on both sides.”

Established in the safe seclusion of his study, the doctor still set the example of speaking without reserve. In clear and rapid narrative he placed the whole of his experience of Miss Jethro and of Emily before his guest. Alban was not a man to leave this generous proof of confidence in him without an adequate return. The two thoroughly understood one another before they had been an hour together.

Dr. Allday summed up the result.

“We only differ in opinion on one point,” he said. “We both think it likely (from our experience of the women) that the suspected murderer had an accomplice. I say the guilty person is Miss Jethro. You say—Mrs. Rook.”

“When you have read my copy of the report,”

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

Alban answered, "I think you will arrive at my conclusion. Mrs. Rook might have entered the out-house in which the two men slept at any time during the night while her husband was asleep. The jury believed her when she declared that she never woke till the morning. I don't."

"I am open to conviction, Mr. Morris. Now about the future. Do you mean to go on with your inquiries?"

"Even if I had no other motive than mere curiosity," Alban answered, "I think I should go on. But I have a more urgent purpose in view. All that I have done thus far has been done in Emily's interests. My object from the first has been to preserve her from any association—in the past or in the future—with the woman whom I believe to have been concerned in her father's death. As I have already told you, she is innocently doing all she can, poor thing, to put obstacles in my way."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor; "she means to write to Mrs. Rook—and you have nearly quarrelled about it. Trust me to take that matter in hand. I don't regard it as serious. But I am mortally afraid of what you are doing in Emily's interests. I wish you would give it up."

"Why?"

"Because I see a danger. Thanks to Emily's implicit trust in her aunt (which we neither of us rated at its true importance), she is as innocent of suspicion as ever. But the chances next time may be against us. How do you know to what length your curiosity may lead you? Or on what shocking discoveries you may not blunder, with the best intentions? Some unforeseen accident may open her eyes to the truth before you can prevent it. I seem to surprise you."

"You do, indeed, surprise me."

"In the old story, my dear sir, Mentor sometimes surprised Telemachus. I am Mentor, without being, I hope, quite so long-winded as that respectable philosopher. Let me put it in two words. Emily's happiness is precious to you. Take care you are not made the means of wrecking it! Will you consent to a sacrifice for her sake?"

"I will do anything for her sake."

"Will you give up your inquiries?"

"From this moment I have done with them."

"Mr. Morris, you are the best friend she has."

"The next best friend to you, doctor."

In that fond persuasion they parted, too eagerly devoted to Emily's welfare to look at the prospect before them in its least hopeful aspect. Both clever men, neither one nor the other asked himself if any human resistance has ever yet obstructed the progress of truth—when truth has once begun to force its way to the light.

For the second time Alban stopped on his way home. The longing to be reconciled with Emily was not to be resisted. He returned to the cottage only to find disappointment waiting for him. The servant reported that her young mistress had gone to bed with a bad headache.

Alban waited a day, in the hope that Emily might write to him. No letter arrived. He repeated his visit the next morning. Fortune was still against him. On this occasion Emily was engaged.

"Engaged with a visitor?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. A young lady named Miss De Sor."

Where had he heard that name before? He remembered immediately that he had heard it at the school. Miss De Sor was the unattractive new pupil, whom the girls called Francine. Alban looked at the parlor window as he left the cottage. It was of serious importance that he should set himself right with Emily. "And mere gossip," he thought, contemptuously, "stands in my way."

If he had been less absorbed in his own interests, he might have remembered that mere gossip is not always to be despised. It has worked fatal mischief in its time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SNOW-STORMS IN THE WEST.

The present protracted winter, with its sudden vicissitudes, its delusive thaws, and frequent snow-storms, has produced enough discomfort and inconvenience even in the cities on our Eastern sea-board. But, as usual, the full severity of the season has been felt more disastrously in the West. In the mountainous regions of Nevada and California tempests of terrific violence have swept over lofty peaks, and filled with deep piles of snow the valleys and cañons. The warm sunny days which have followed each downfall of wet and heavy snow have caused an unexampled number of avalanches that wrought terrible destruction. In the mining districts the works around the mines have in many instances been swept away, and miles of snow-sheds demolished; the sides of the mountains were stripped bare by the sliding masses that hurled giant trees, rocks, and dwellings into the cañons, burying the stream beneath two hundred feet of snow. In our own State the most severe storm of the season was that which ushered in March. A complete embargo was placed on railway travel by the roads running westward. A strong wind accompanied the fall of snow, and the drifts along the line of some tracks averaged ten to twenty feet in height. In one place a train of forty cars was snowed under; between Saratoga and Round Lake eight passenger trains were stalled, and the railroad companies could not get force enough to shovel out the drifts. To add to the trouble, the snow was flying so thick that signals were invisible, nor could the engineer on the snow-plough, which was attempting to clear the track, see ten feet before him. Further west, where the wind was more violent, and the fall more heavy, similar scenes occurred, and similar delays of the mail and other trains took place. The last blizzard which struck us started from the plains of Texas, and made a bee-line for the Jersey coast, then passed over New York, and turned seaward at New Brunswick, to spend its force on the bosom of the Atlantic. The storm of the 10th of January was especially destructive. At Pittsburgh the snow was deeper than was ever before known, a strong north wind drifting it over the track and into the cuttings. A score of snow-ploughs and three thousand men set to work to keep the lines open, yet the roads were blocked for ten to twelve hours, and many trains were abandoned. A few days previously the Southern States were visited by the heaviest snow-storm they had experienced since 1857; on the Missouri Pacific a stock train blockaded in a drift lost by exposure a hundred mules; near Chicago twenty cars loaded with live stock were snowed under, and all attempts to reach the poor creatures were fruitless.

AMONG THE DEAD.

My soul is sad to-day, I know not why;
  Against my will, the brown leaves swirling round
  Carry my eyes down with them to the ground;
I can not see the blue, unclouded sky.

Against my will, before my vision waves
  The hazy drapery of the golden air,
  In semblance of such veils as mourners wear
Going with measured pace about new graves.

Sad cadences in mighty billows surge
  Around me like the billows of a sea
  Of melody; but still the melody
Taketh the solemn beauty of a dirge.

I call on Memory, and would fain go back
  With her to the glad season of my youth;
  But stumbling progress do we make, in sooth,
Because of graves that lie across the track.

Well, it is well if sometimes we be led
  To sit in spirit by some grassy mound,
  Or strew some tender thoughts, for flowers, around
The quiet resting-places of our dead.

If I, in truth, might lay my tired head
  Down softly on the grave I love the best,
  As if it were upon my mother's breast,
I know my sad soul would be comforted.

THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH, BOSTON.

On page 177 we give a picture of the new People's Church, which was recently dedicated in Boston, Massachusetts. This house of worship, which stands on Columbus Avenue, with a parsonage and chapel attached, has been erected through the indomitable energy and perseverance of the Rev. J. W. Hamilton, a Methodist clergyman. The sums contributed for the work were for the most part small, and came from nearly all the New England States. Mr. Hamilton has been enabled to carry on his work by special permission from the Conferences, which have, contrary to the usual course, recognizing the importance and magnitude of his work, permitted him to remain in Boston for several years. This gentleman, after many discouragements and losses, has finally secured the completion of what will prove an excellent monument to his zeal and courage. The corner-stone of the chapel was laid in 1877, Mr. Moody, the evangelist, Phillips Brooks, Episcopalian, and the late Rev. Dr. Manning, Congregationalist, assisting at the service.

The interior of the church differs from the ordinary house of worship. Instead of pews, it has single folding chairs, provided with hat and umbrella racks, arranged in a semicircular form on a gradually sloping floor resembling the auditorium of a theatre. The church itself seats 2500 people; and the chapel, which can be thrown open so as to make one large hall, seats 750 more, thus giving a total seating capacity of 3250.

The edifice contains a window in memory of the pastor's wife, given by the women of Boston. Mrs. Hamilton died about a year ago.

This is the People's Church in name and in fact. No pew system of any kind exists. All seats are free, and the membership of the church rests upon a broad and catholic basis.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

Our Haunted Houses.—False Ghosts.—A Royal Dramatist.—"Judgments."—Dredging for Xerxes.—Barbarous Tastes.—The late Mr. Hayward.

There was once a gourmand who used to be moved to tears by the spectacle of a goose or a turkey badly carved. He thought it such wicked waste of good material. The same sort of regret afflicts me when I see an excellent subject for a striking book spoiled in the "treatment." No ones loves a ghost story better than I do, or strives more honestly to believe in it, and consequently no one looked forward with greater expectation to the publication of the *Haunted Homes of Great Britain* that has just been given to the world.

Unhappily the goose has been spoiled by the carver, and the work is a failure. It would seem almost impossible to turn out seventy ghost stories founded on fact and not one of them worth reading; but the feat has in this case been accomplished. The editor seems to have thought that the style of his book would best suit the matter by being as much like "dry bones" as possible. The stories are so short that they read like paragraphs, and are told in the baldest manner; and one can honestly say in their favor that not one of them would frighten a child of eight. On the other hand, as a ghost guide-book the volume is valuable, and nervous persons will know what houses in every county to avoid.

By some "arrangement," I suppose, with a Berlin house the publishers have contrived that "The White Lady of Baireuth" should appear coincidently to a Berlin sentinel; her advance (winding) sheets were doubtless sent out before the day of publication. She is supposed to herald the demise of the head of the Hohenzollerns, and as he is eighty-seven, her reputation is not likely to suffer much; indeed, as the Emperor believes in her, it is only too probable that the prophetess will bring her own fulfillment. This lady is nearly six hundred years old, and if she has not "all her faculties about her" (as is always said of very elderly people), she certainly still "walks" without assistance.

It would be a curious speculation, but not, perhaps, altogether a barren one, to consider how far the theory of ancestral apparitions has assisted the hereditary and aristocratic system. It is true that there have been a few vulgar ghosts, but, as is fitting, they have had no great reputation, and have much "suffered from exposure." The Cock Lane ghost, once so famous, is now only used for the purpose of jeering at the philosophers who believed in it, while the apparition of Mrs. Veal has been exploded in a still more lamentable fashion. It is well known that Defoe composed it for a publisher who wanted to get rid of his edition of *Drelincourt on Death;* he makes the denizen of the other world solemnly advise those she has left behind her to "try Drelincourt"; no other devotional work, she assures them, is to be compared to it for saving souls; and the ingenious device was completely successful.

Defoe was wise, for the object he had in view, to make his ghost a middle-class one; but she was only an invention. Genuine ghosts are almost always aristocratic, and, as I was about to say, what belief there is in them helps to strengthen the feudal feeling. There must, argue the believers, be something of virtue in a long line of ancestors, since that, and that only, moves spiritual beings to come from the world beyond the grave to visit us poor mortals.

It is shocking to remark that the author of *Alice in Wonderland* has in his latest volume (*Rhyme and Reason*) striven to popularize apparitions. He asserts that villa residences are haunted quite as much as feudal castles, not, however, so numerously; he speaks of a modest tenement of £80 a year or so as "a one-ghost house," and, with all his humor, he has perhaps never made use of a more happy expression.

Writers of fiction and poets have long complained of the unequal competition to which they are exposed with members of royal families. It is getting quite exceptional for a reigning house to have no authors among them, and their Royal Highnesses are now taking to the dramatic line. Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, has brought out a play on the Cettinje boards entitled *The Empress of the Balkans*, and described as "a national and patriotic drama." This seems to me a really good stroke of business; for even if he does not make much profit by the performance, he will thus disseminate good political principles—*i. e.*, attachment to the reigning dynasty—and advertise himself not only as the author of the piece in question, but as the most admirable of (half) sovereigns. If the necessity should ever arise (which Heaven forbid!) to resuscitate the flagging loyalty of this country, it will still remain for one of the Princesses of the Blood to bring out a melodrama at the Surrey Theatre, in which all the good people shall be royalists, and all the villains republicans.

While ghosts frequent only "the best circles," "warnings" and "terrible examples" often take place in the lower. Cobblers and tailors who commit perjury, while they invoke dumbness upon themselves if they are not speaking truth, have their wish (like the Artful Dodger, who wanted to see his prosecutor) "immediately gratified," and washer-women are struck dead for "taking their davies" that no towels are missing from their list of articles from the mangles. A soldier at Gosport hospital was reported last week (by the newspapers, not the doctor) to have been struck with blindness immediately on having invoked that catastrophe upon himself. The authorities have since written to say, however, that the soldier is a particularly well-behaved one, never, or hardly ever, used "a big, big D," and has only got a sty in his eye.

There is an old story of a scion of a sporting family who had a toy tandem given him. The first horse was called Xerxes, after a famous race-horse that his father owned; and the second horse the child himself, unconscious of the name being historical, christened "Arter Xerxes," because it came after him. Both names have disappeared from the newspapers for many years, but we are now going to explore the Gulf of Salamis "arter" Xerxes and his sunken fleet. What a flood of classical lore will be poured out upon us if anything comes out of these dredging experiments! How Teucer and Ajax, of whom we flattered ourselves we had heard the last at Dr. Swishem's, will once more put in their claims upon our attention! I look forward with apprehension to a series of archæological articles in the leading journal, beginning with, "Every one who is acquainted with the nature of a trireme," or, "It was on the 30th October exactly 2363 years ago," etc. This will be worse than Lord Randolph Churchill.

Though our date is no longer B.C., certain barbarous tastes and instincts still survive among us which would much better befit that epoch than our own. We have, it is true, no gladiatorial shows, but a large concourse of apparently respectable people can, it seems, be attracted by the spectacle of seeing a husband shoot a potato on his wife's forehead with a rifle bullet. Not content with her survival from this perilous feat, they absolutely permitted the man to repeat it while lying on his back, when, as they could not but have expected, he shot her. "Upon this the audience dispersed," with the comfortable conviction, no doubt, that they had really got their money's worth. This happened at Leicester, A.D. 1884.

A collier having eloped with a friend's wife, writes to him to say: "I have asked Sarah whether she would like to go back to you, and she says, 'I would rather die first.' Under these circumstances kindly send me a note, signed by your own hand, stating that you are willing for me to make her and the children a comfortable home, on the receipt of which I will forward you ten shillings in cash." To this the husband has replied that he is willing to come to terms "at the figure named." What a favorable contrast does this present to the tardy and expensive proceedings of our divorce courts!

A great and long-enduring light of London life has gone out. Mr. Abraham Hayward has been for so many years a prominent figure in literary, political, and fashionable society, that though in the nature of things his decease must soon have happened, one can hardly picture its effect. He had been so long amongst us that it almost seemed it must be so forever. He was a very constant contributor to the heavy guns of periodical literature, especially the *Quarterly*, and wrote a great number of the "social articles" in the *Times*. Lord Beaconsfield, when Mr. Disraeli, enjoyed and profited by his friendship, but lost it through one of his characteristic epigrams. In allusion to Mr. Hayward's never having written a whole book of his own (except a translation of *Faust*), though he contributed so much to periodicals, he once called him "the louse of literature." This pretty speech was conveyed to Mr. Hayward by the good-natured friend to whom it was confided, with consequences such as might have been predicted. Of Mr. Hayward society may well observe that it could have "better afforded to lose a far greater man." R. Kemble, of London.

FROM DAMASCUS TO JOBAR.

To visit Jobar we leave Damascus by Bab Tûma, and, instead of following the Aleppo road, turn to the right, and are quickly among the orchards. The sun can not penetrate the thickness of shade on our path, and the trees are heavy with peaches, apricots, plums, and walnuts. Here and there a garden is full of a picking party. Half a dozen are holding an enormous sheet, while two or three among the branches are shaking down the golden fruit. Some is being carried away in baskets, to be sold at three farthings a pound, and the rest is crushed into a pulp and rolled out thin on boards, to dry in the sun into apricot paste. This industry employs an immense number of hands throughout the month of June, both in preparing the paste and in making the cases for exportation, in dexterous packing, and in porterage by camel and mule to the coast. Now we are forced to stand by, that a Bedouin family may pass on camels and donkeys, since a camel recognizes no rule of the road, but always swings down the middle with a sovereign contempt of all creation. The Bedouin girls laugh at our discomfiture, but it is easy to forgive them, for the pleasure of seeing a happy woman's face.

The Bedaweeyehs, either young or old, have an unvarying expression of content on their brown and tattooed lips, and our idea of a *girl* could be with difficulty associated with any other Eastern females, though we can apply it at once to the mischievous and merry-looking daughters of the desert. In less than half an hour we enter the village and seek the Jews' Quarter, a small square of low houses built round an open court, one side of which is occupied by the Synagogue of St. George.

It would be rash to attempt an accurate enumeration of the number of churches in Syria dedicated to the redoubtable soldier-saint, who appears at one period to have occupied the position almost of patron saint to Syria. There are at least half a dozen, we believe, within a day's ride of Damascus, each claiming the honor of containing his bones. The synagogue of Jobar is nearly subterranean, but the Jews do not take the trouble to keep it lighted. An old lady is always ready to show its mysteries to visitors, and a small crowd will probably jostle and fight to follow the strangers in. An oblong slab covering a tomb, supposed to be that of Elijah, is the centre of attraction at the western end of the church, a tall and mean pulpit occupies the middle of the aisle, and the Books of the Law are kept at the eastern extremity. These are under lock and key in cupboards let into the wall, whose doors are inscribed in Hebrew with holy words, and they are further inclosed in card-board and velvet cases embossed with silver. These cases open like oysters, and the scrolls of the law are revealed, written in beautiful manuscript, but not highly illuminated.

A door to the right gives access to a dark staircase, and, with a rush-light and a Jew, we may descend, barefooted, to the tomb of St. George. The Israelite prostrates himself and kisses the mark on the marble floor which is the only sign of the sepulchre; and having seen all that is to be seen, we may remount. As we emerge from the church a franc will buy a fervent blessing in the name of the God of Abraham, and a dozen invitations will be proffered to rest awhile in the dim interiors of the houses round the quadrangle, just visible through the doorways crowded with holiday-makers.

THE NEW COTTON EXCHANGE.

Another towering building is about to be added to the list of those great piles which, within the past decade—indeed, within the past lustrum—have transformed the lower part of Manhattan Island almost beyond recognition. In bulk the new Cotton Exchange, which is to be erected after the designs of Mr. George B. Post, will not rival the enormous Produce Exchange—indeed, its largest dimension on the ground is not so great as the smallest dimension of that structure—but it will attain a height of nine stories, counting the Exchange Room, the ceiling of which is thirty-five feet high, as two stories, and its tower, one hundred and sixty feet high, and its color, the yellow of buff brick and buff terra-cotta, with roof of deep red slate, will make it very conspicuous among our commercial palaces.

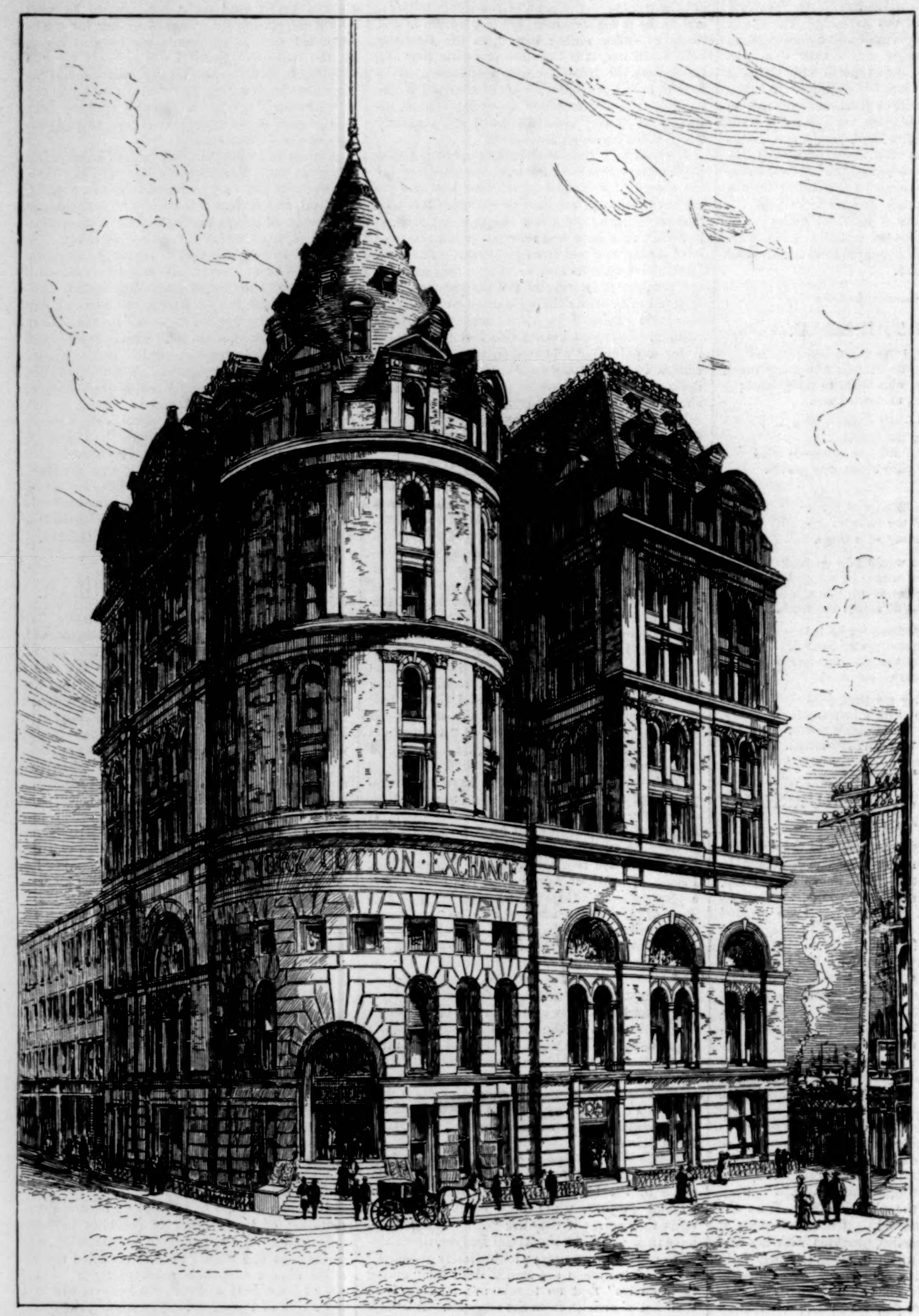
The new building occupies one of those irregular plots which are so common down-town and so infrequent up-town, and which invite, and indeed force, some variety of architectural treatment, and give us views of "bits" of architecture. The new structure is opposite the commonplace brown-stone front behind which the Cotton Exchange now transacts its great and growing business, the open space miscalled Hanover Square intervening. The site is an irregular quadrangle, of which no two sides are parallel, eighty-nine feet on Hanover Square by eighty-seven on Beaver Street, and one hundred and sixteen feet on William Street. The angle at the corner of William and Beaver streets is rounded, and the principal entrance to the Exchange is placed at this corner. The basement of the building throughout is of an oolitic limestone from Kentucky, very light, and slightly yellowish in color, and used in massive blocks. At the rounded corner the stone is used throughout the principal story also, this part of the building being the base of a tower which is detached on the Beaver Street side, just above the Exchange Room, by a recess, similar to the recessions of the front shown in the Mills Building and in the Post Building, for the practical purpose of giving better light than could otherwise be had for the offices above, as well as for the architectural advantage of an emphatic division of the structural masses. The recess here is twenty-eight feet in width and nineteen in depth. The other side of the tower, that on William Street, is not detached from the main building, but merely relieved by a slight projection, until the cornice is cleared, when it becomes a complete tower, and is crowned with a steep hooded roof which dominates the whole building. The main entrance at the corner is very simply and massively treated in large blocks, with deeply bevelled joints, the entrance arch having no extrados, or exterior bounding line, but the voussoirs continuing to the horizontal joints of the wall.

The long front, that on William Street, has simple square-headed openings in the ground-floor. The principal story has three large round arches, filled above the heavy transom which corresponds to the line of the interior gallery with stained glass, and below the transom of each is a pair of smaller arched openings, the spandrels filled with decoration in terra-cotta. A heavy entablature divides this story from the office floors above. There are four of these, grouped in two divisions of two stories each, separated from each other by an entablature four feet in height, and with pilasters running through each division. Above the main cornice comes a parapet story with dormer-windows, and above this the steeply pitched Mansard roof.

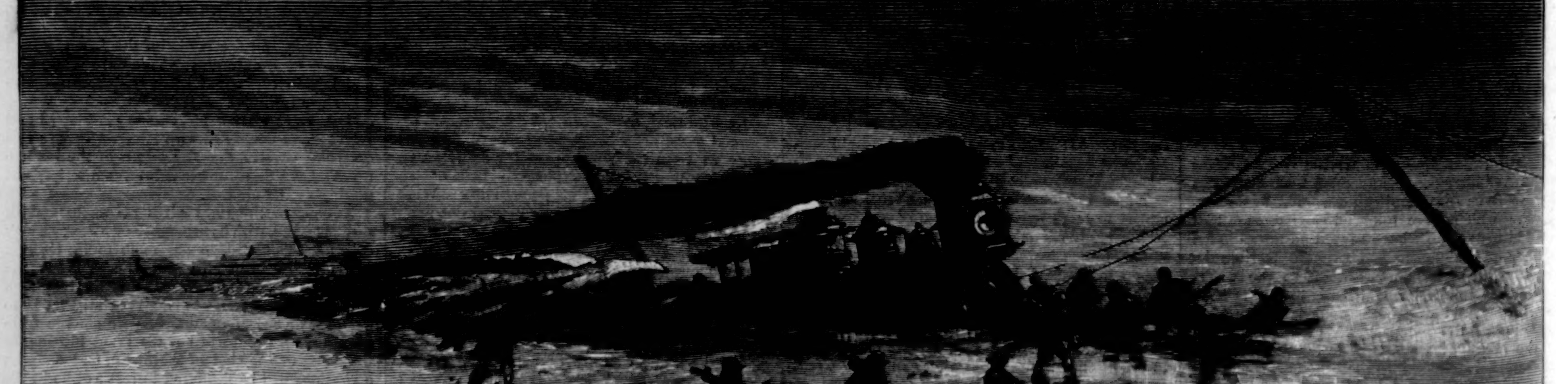
The Beaver Street front in the principal story, instead of the double windows under an inclosing arch, has in the centre three arches under a very large relieving arch, the spandrels of the smaller arches enriched, as before, with ornaments in terra-cotta, and the tympanum of the great arch filled, as before, with stained glass. The corresponding space on one side is taken up by the corner tower, the arch of the main entrance rising into the principal story, flanked by arches similar to the tripled arches of this front and the doubled arches of the William Street front, while above them, in the space corresponding to the gallery of the Exchange, is a row of square openings filled with stained glass, and covered by flat arches with very deep voussoirs. On the other side of the large central window are two openings in each of the divisions made by the gallery, the lower arched and the upper lintelled. The central wall ceases above the Exchange Room, giving place to the recess. The sides continue with the same treatment as that of the William Street front, the wall at the left becoming the tower, and that at the right being crowned with a steep hipped-roof.

The third front, that on Hanover Square, is similar to that on Beaver Street, showing the same triple windows under a great arch, at the opposite end of the long Exchange Room. As there is no recess on this side, the additional wall becomes a central bay, slightly projected from the sides, and crowned by a large curved pediment, which is the principal feature of this front.

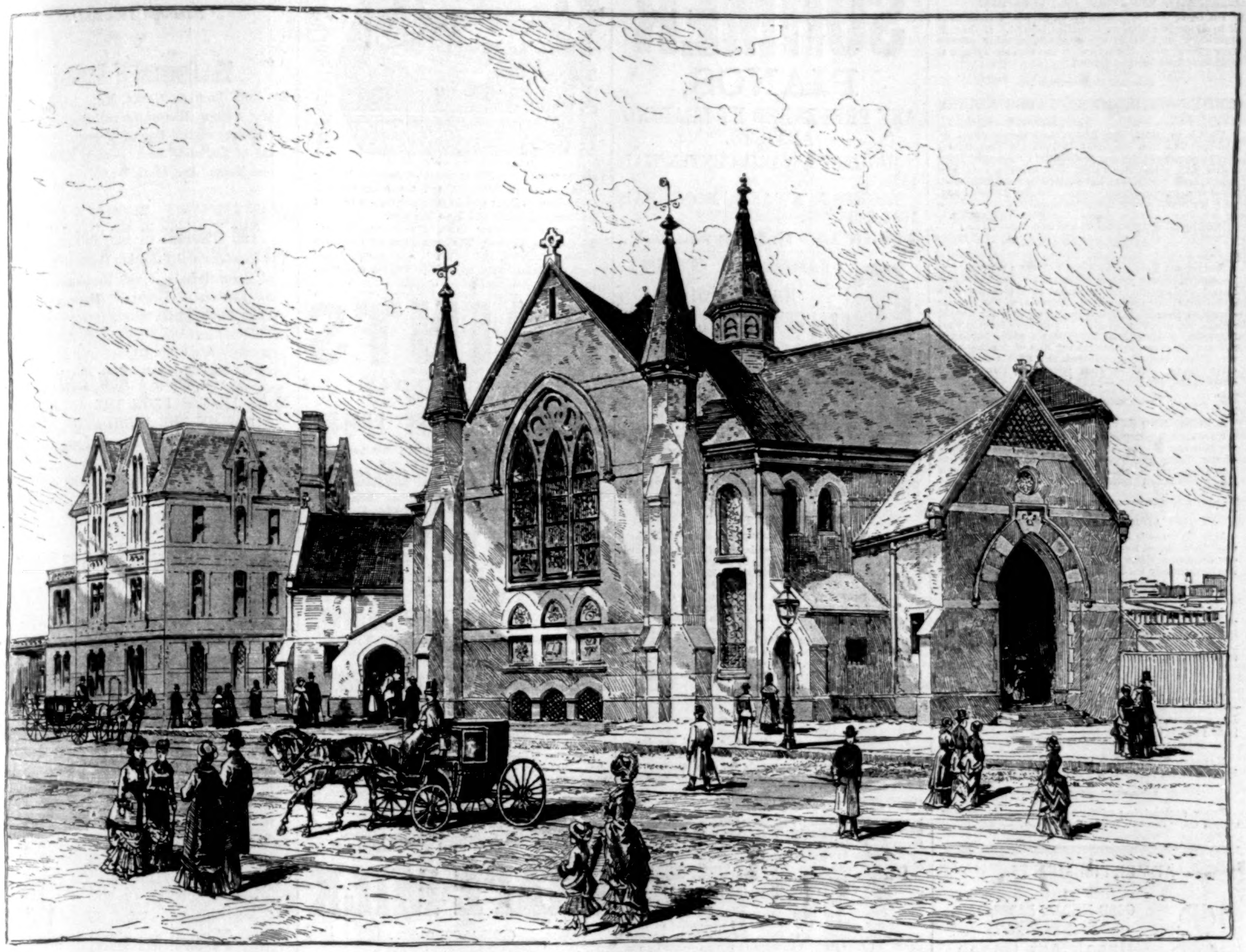
The Exchange Room occupies nearly the whole area of the building—all but the elevators and stairways which give access to the upper floors. It is divided, by the columns which carry the walls above, into a central space—a nave, so to speak—with a great window at either end, and two aisles, the ceiling of the latter being three feet lower than that of the central space. There are three pairs of the great columns, and the room is thus divided longitudinally into five bays, the columns being encased in piers, with arches turned between them—a disposition which gives an opportunity for an impressive and dignified treatment of the interior.



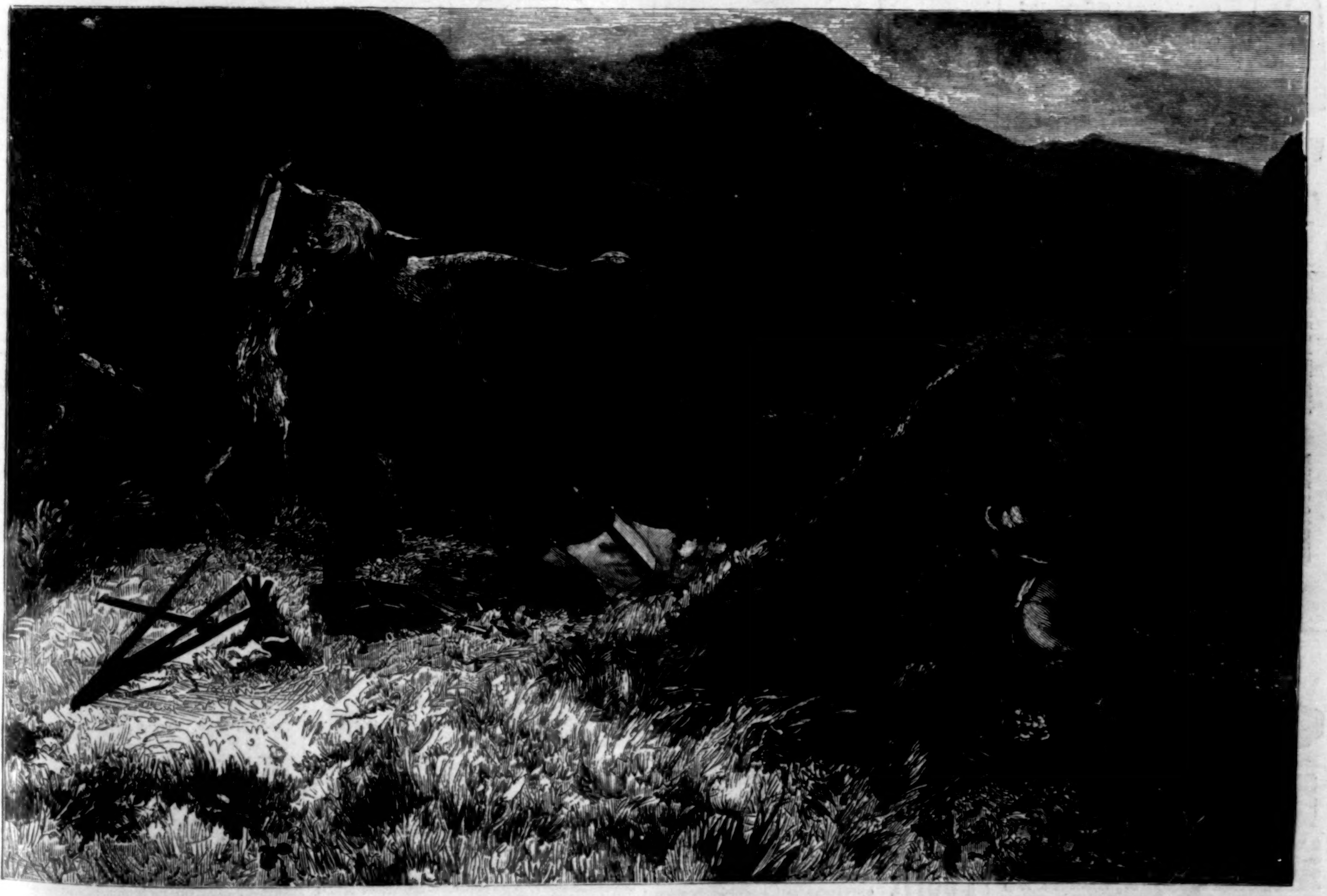
THE NEW COTTON EXCHANGE, NEW YORK.—From the Architect's Drawing.



THE RECENT SNOW-STORMS ON THE PLAINS—A RAILWAY TRAIN IN A BLIZZARD.—[See Page 175.]



THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—Photographed by J. W. Black & Co.—[See Page 175.]



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John T. Roberts.

Sold by all druggists at 25 and 50 cents.—[*Adv.*]

Something New.—*The Family Circle*, a sixteen-page illustrated weekly journal for the home, will shortly be issued in Detroit. Every reader of this paper who sends his or her name to the publishers of *The Family Circle*, at Detroit, will receive the paper free for six weeks, six numbers in all. If you have friends who like good reading, send their names with your own. $20 a week given for interesting bits of reading-matter, either original or selected, and $250 a month to club raisers. Address your post card, The Family Circle, Detroit, Mich.—[*Adv.*]

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PROPOSALS FOR PURCHASE OF VESSELS.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,

Washington, *March* 1, 1884.

In accordance with the provisions of the 5th section of the act of Congress making appropriations to supply deficiencies approved March 3, 1883, sealed proposals will be received at the Navy Department until noon on Saturday, May 3, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened, for the purchase of certain vessels which have been stricken from the Navy Register, under authority of an act of Congress approved August 5, 1882, and which it is deemed for the best interests of the United States to sell

The vessels offered, their appraised value and their locality, are the Niagara, at Boston, Mass., $24,200; Florida, at New London, Conn., $52,700; Colorado $34,700, and Ticonderoga $24,900, at New York; Supply $800, at League Island, Penn; Pawnee $5,200, at Port Royal, S. C.; Benicia $14,000, and Cyane $12,000, at Mare Island, Cal.

Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.

The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest prices therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash (or satisfactory certified check) of not less than ten per cent. of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditioned for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent. of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent., or any part thereof, within that time, said cash deposit of ten per cent. shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders, whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.

On application to the Department, a printed list will be furnished, giving general information concerning the vessels; also forms of bids and bonds which must be used by bidders. The vessels can be examined at any time by applying to the Commandants of the Navy Yards.

The purchasers must remove the vessels purchased from the limits of the Yard within such reasonable time as may be fixed by the Department.

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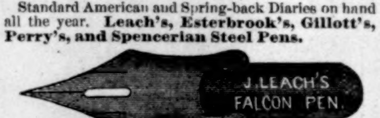

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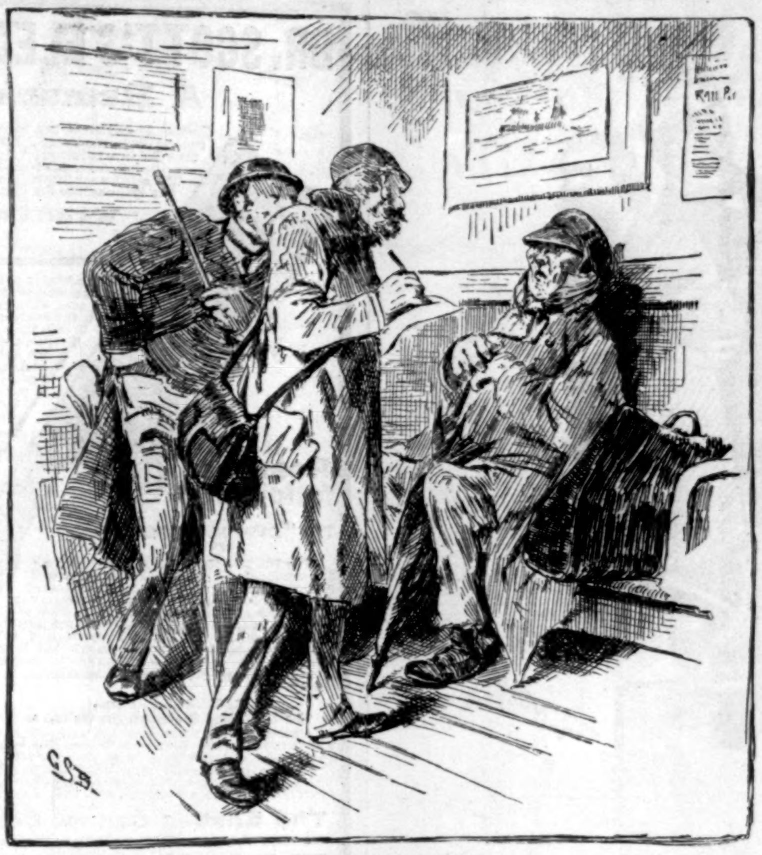

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